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GLIMPSES OF THE PAST



SUSANNA HATLEY WORDSWORTH, WIFE OF THE BISHOP
OF LINCOLN.

(From a portrait by E. U. Eddis, 1883.)

[Frontispiece

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST

By
ELIZABETH WORDSWORTH

Late Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford

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WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS



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PREFATORY NOTE

IN re-reading these recollections in a printed form, I am conscious that they partake, to a greater degree than even I was aware, of the garrulity of old age. But experience has shown me that very often the things which one is tempted to strike out are those which interest others, so the task of self-criticism is not an easy one. My object has been to avoid, so far as is possible, the repetition of what has been said elsewhere, especially in the case of our dear father's biography; and to record, for the younger members of his large family of descendants, a few domestic and personal details which may not be without interest to them.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge for permission to print a letter of his grandfather. My acknowledgments are also due to Miss Laura Johnson and Miss A. L. Hodson, and to Messrs. Elliott & Fry for three of the illustrations in this work.

E. WORDSWORTH.

September 21, 1912.

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GLIMPSES OF THE PAST

CHAPTER I

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

HAVING just (June 23, 1911) passed my seventy-first birthday, I think it well to write down a few of my recollections for the benefit of any one who may hereafter care to read them. They will not, however, be a continued account of years and days, but more like a collection of photographs, strung together by a very slight thread of narrative.

I was born on June 22, 1840, my father being at the time Head Master of Harrow School; but as his house had not long before been destroyed by fire, he and my mother (*née* Susanna Hatley Frere) spent the earliest part of their married life in a small house not far from the school, and I was born there.

My recollections of Harrow are very dim. I think I can just recollect a brilliant bed of nasturtiums in the garden, but I was only four years old when we left it. My father had a Canonry at Westminster given him in 1844 by Sir Robert Peel, and before entering on his duties he spent some time at Leamington, under

the care of Dr. Jephson—a great medical authority in those days. The family then consisted of him and my mother, my sister Priscilla (now Mrs. Steedman)—who was so called after our paternal grandmother (*née* Priscilla Lloyd), as I was after our maternal one (*née* Elizabeth Raper Grant)—and my brother John, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury—who was called partly after our father's eldest brother, John Wordsworth, Fellow of Trinity, who died in 1839, and partly after my mother's brother, John Frere, whose college friendship had first brought our parents to know each other.

My sister Mary, now Mrs. Trebeck, was born at Leamington, March 19, 1845; and I dimly recollect our grandfather Wordsworth¹ visiting us there. He died the following year, February 2, 1846, and I well remember our dear mother's distress on receiving the news—and, I am ashamed to say, my misery in having to wear a black frock. As a child I had a great delight in bright colours, and remember wanting to go in a carriage because it had red wheels!

My next recollections are those of beginning to feel impressed by the grandeur of Westminster Abbey, and thinking—it was, if I remember rightly, after being present at a week-day service—that really perhaps one might sometimes *enjoy* going to church!

Our house in the Little Cloisters at Westminster—the one afterwards occupied by Canon

¹ Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, 1820-41.

Gore¹ and, later, by Canon Beeching²—looked out on to the college garden ; it was very picturesque, but even then hardly “up-to-date” as far as internal arrangements went. But it was a very happy home to us!

Life was rather a serious matter with us in those days ; we had no country home, my father was apt to get anxious about public affairs—the Chartist movement (1848), the Gorham controversy (1848–9), Manning’s secession to Rome (1851), the alienation from the Church of the “Canada Reserves” (1854), and other political and religious matters ; and as he, even when we were children, never “talked down” to us, but always of the things he was himself interested in, we grew up under a rather uneasy sense of some sort of a crisis hanging over our heads.

Certainly, we *did* take life seriously. Children’s books were few in those days, and if they had not been I doubt if we should have been allowed to have many of them : nor do I think it was any great loss that we had not. But we had the delightful old-fashioned fairy tales, and Robinson Crusoe, and Don Quixote and Shakespeare, which our dear mother read aloud beautifully to us ; and Pope’s Homer and the Pilgrim’s Progress ; and Miss Edgeworth, when we went to stay at Hampstead with Mrs. Hoare.

Mrs. Hoare, known as “grandmamma” by a large circle of young people in those days, was a wealthy and generous widow lady, whose kind-

¹ Bishop of Oxford.

² Dean of Norwich.

ness really knew no bounds. Though a Churchwoman, she belonged to the great Quaker and banking connection of which our great grandfather Charles Lloyd had been a distinguished member. When our grandmother died, she was like a mother to my father and uncles, as might be attested by the piles of letters from her which we found after his death, full of affectionate cares and anxieties about the health and welfare of her three schoolboys! We used to make periodical pilgrimages from Westminster to Hampstead, driving out in a fly—no “district railways” then! and it always seemed as if her house were the very lap of luxury. I can recall her and her step-daughter Miss Hoare, usually known as “Aunt Sally,” when they came in state to see us in their rich fur tippets. Miss Hoare was a clever, accomplished woman, and drew and painted beautifully, and I think must have been an amusing talker also. She was my godmother, and both she and Mrs. Hoare were always giving us presents. I owe to the kindness of the former a Bible, which has been a lifelong companion; and I bought a Shakespeare—one of the first books I ever bought—out of some money given me by the latter.

I hope “The Heath” is standing, still. It was a typical old-fashioned gentleman’s house, with a huge Portugal laurel bush on the lawn. Many a man and woman distinguished in literature has sat at that hospitable table. Our grandfather George Frere had had a house at Hampstead

for some years, before our mother's marriage, and the Hampstead circle included Coleridge, Joanna Baillie, Crabbe and William Wordsworth, who frequented it from time to time ; and there seemed to be a shadowy background of Lloyds, Powells, Pryors and Buxtons hovering round ! In those days Cromer was a sort of rallying-ground for the old Quaker families—not, as it has lately been, thrown open to the vulgar herd ; and Mrs. and Miss Hoare were fond of going thither. Our cousin Charlotte Wordsworth, whose mother died at her birth, lived for some years with the Hoares, before her father's second marriage.

There was a pleasant atmosphere of comfort, culture, and kindness at The Heath, to which, even as children, we were not insensible, especially when Charlotte was there to play with.

From REV. GEORGE CRABBE ¹

MY DEAR SIR,

You gratified me highly by the present of your poem, and I have a due sense of the favour ; I am proud of such token of regard from a gentleman upon whom honours for literary merit have been repeatedly conferred ! My approbation can add little to that which you have already received, nevertheless, I beg you will accept it, with my thanks, for they are both sincere.

¹ This letter was probably written to my father in acknowledgment of a prize poem.

I expected much from your poem, before I read it, and that I am not disappointed is no slight proof of its merit in my sight, but to be pleased with the whole and even surprised by many parts, was an unexpected gratification. And now I will look for your pardon, when to the character of a friend I add that of the preacher, and address you in words more powerful than mine.

“Of him to whom much is given, much will be required.”

I am, my dear Sir,
 With most sincere good wishes,
 Truly and affectionately yours,
 GEO. CRABBE.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.
July 28, 1828.

S. T. COLERIDGE to MRS. GEORGE FRERE¹

GROVE, HIGHGATE.

DEAR MADAM,

A fatality seems to hang over every invitation I have owed of late to your friendly remembrance of me. When your note was put into my hands by the servant, I was engaged in a more than commonly interesting conversation with, or rather listening to, my nephew, Henry Nelson Coleridge, respecting his plans, which, you perhaps may have heard, include my daughter's change of *state* though not of name, and supposing Miss Frere at the gate, I hastily carried my eyes through your and Mr. G. Frere's

¹ This characteristic letter has no date, but is endorsed January 1829.

kind invitation and had read the word, Tuesday—and under this impression gave my answer to Miss Frere. This morning, Mrs. Gillman speaking of a gentleman who was to drink tea with us to-morrow, I said, giving her at the same time your note, “I cannot meet him : I forgot to tell you that I am engaged to dine to-morrow at Mr. Frere’s.” No longer ago than the minutes consumed in writing these lines, Mrs. Gillman came to me with your note in her hand, and “Bless me, why it is for *Thursday* that you have engaged yourself, and besides the usual visitors, you have engaged to meet Mr. Henry Taylor, who is to bring with him Sir J. Romilly’s son, and a Mr. Mill and (quoth I with a deep respiration) Mr. W. Hutt, a great traveller, whose address I do not know, and Mr. Irving with two Scotch divines ; and Mr. Steinmetz, from Hackney. And then (continued Mrs. G.) Mr. Gillman has promised Dr. Watson and the American Artist to introduce them to you—in short, the room will be full ; and more than half perfect strangers to us.” A moment’s deliberation convinced me that I had but one way morally in my power—that of sending off a man immediately with this statement of the case, and of my vexation at my carelessness, not to mention, which yet with entire truth I might do, my regret on my own account. For I am with most unfeigned respect and regard,

Dear Madam,

Your and Mr. G. Frere’s obliged
and attached friend and servant,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Monday afternoon.

Another kind and generous family friend was Joshua Watson, who had been, in concert with our grandfather and other good Churchmen of his day, the founders of the National Society, 1811, and the Additional Curates Society, 1837, and who was indeed prominent in every good work. And here I should like to protest against the tendency in some quarters to speak as if there had been no life in the English Church (except that due to Evangelicalism) between the Wesleyan movement and the days of the Tractarians. Such men as William Stevens, after whom the club of "Nobody's friends" was named, and later, the founders of the National Society, John Bowles, H. H. Norris and Joshua Watson, as well as Dean Milman, Bishop Middleton, Bishop Heber, Hugh James Rose, Charles Webb Le Bas—the great Bishop Selwyn, and the group of "Bedford Square" lawyers among whom he found his wife, to say nothing of Keble himself, show that there was a deep tone of sober, steady, cultured piety in the English Church, which coloured the homes and lives of men like these; and we ought not to allow the superior brilliancy of the "Oxford School" so to dazzle us that we should lose sight of them.

My own recollections of Joshua Watson are very slight; but of a bright, playful and most kindly old gentleman—always doing something for somebody, from generous gifts of money to little presents to us children. My sister Priscilla

and I long possessed two cardboard boxes (receptacles of new cambric handkerchiefs) with coloured pictures outside, which we considered the acme of loveliness ! and which he had given us on a visit to Daventry.

Mrs. Watson's cheerful old house, "The Lodge," where her brother-in-law often stayed, with its air of leisure, its peaceful surroundings and its sympathetic welcome, was a pleasant contrast to the bustle of London.

Our fourth sister, Susan, was born May 13, 1846, only a few months after our grandfather's death. Her baptism, on St. Barnabas' Day, was remarkable as being the first which took place in the Baptistery in Westminster Abbey, after a long interval. Her sponsors were Mrs. Austen (sister of Cardinal Manning, whose family were our father's early friends); our cousins, Mrs. James Powell and Sir Bartle Frere. She will be best known to the outside world by her work at Lincoln and at the Grey Ladies (see the "Treasury" for September 1912), but no words could even approximately convey an idea of what she was in her own home.

Our brother Christopher was born on March 26th, 1848. The time of his birth was one of great anxiety, owing to the outbreak of typhoid fever, which carried away many inhabitants of Westminster. The previous year had seen the restoration of Westminster Abbey. The present rich stall-work of the choir and the

sittings beneath, all carried out in oak, and many other costly additions to the interior, belong to that date. Unfortunately, the sanitary reforms¹ which were attempted were not carried on as wisely and successfully as they probably would have been now, and many deaths were the consequence. Among them, that of a dear and charming cousin of ours, Louisa, daughter of Canon Temple Frere, who was godmother to Christopher and who must have died very soon after his baptism. We three elder children all fell victims to the fever, and had to be hurried out of London, first to Blackheath, and eventually to Southend, where our kind Frere relations took care of us. But it must have been a terrible time for our dear mother, with a baby hardly a month old; and our little cropped heads long bore witness to the dangers we had undergone.

Our devoted nurse, Janet Macraw, then, as always, was the mainstay of the family, and I do not wonder that our brother John spoke of her in later life as "the most unselfish friend he ever had."

The next great event in our lives was the death of the poet Wordsworth, April 23, 1850. He had paid us a visit in 1847—I remember the fact of his coming, but alas, cannot remember him. I think I can remember hearing that his man,

¹ A story is told that Dean Buckland at this date intended to preach a sermon from the text "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," but, unfortunately, could not find it in the Bible. Some one, however, said it was very appropriate, as he was Dean of the "Order of the Bath."

James Dixon, did not at all approve of the monuments in Westminster Abbey, which was a shock to my patriotism. Probably the old poet was in great request, and our opportunities of seeing him were few. My sister, Mrs. Trebeck, was called Mary after the poet's wife, so he took a special interest in her, and as a child of two, she remembers being brought down to see her great uncle, who stood her on the table and looked at her solemnly. "I remember gazing with awe at his large nose and grave countenance. —He stroked me gently and said something, but I was rather relieved when he placed me on the floor and I felt free again. He was very absent, and one day came down in his slippers, and he had gone the length of the cloisters in them, before my mother could overtake him and bring him back." Unhappily, he had to hurry north on account of the illness (and subsequent death) of his daughter Dora, . . . a heart-breaking grief from which he never recovered. She bequeathed to my sister Priscilla a very interesting album (a present from Mrs. Hemans), with a variety of valuable autographs in it, from Scott to Tennyson, and sketches by Wilkie, Copley Fielding, and others.

The Poet's death followed only three years later, and our father — Wordsworth's literary executor — had to hurry north at once. Our dear mother accompanied him, though it was a sad trial to her, for *her* mother, Mrs. George Frere, had died only a day or two before, and she was

thus prevented from attending her funeral. I should like to say a word of our grandmother. She was the "Aunt Lizzie" of the book known as the "*Mémoires of a Highland Lady*," and by all accounts, though small and plain in appearance, and with nothing showy or brilliant about her, had a wonderful power of winning sympathy and making friends. She was what is called a "good listener," and much liked and beloved in her large circle for her good sense, intelligence, and unselfishness. I have already inserted a long letter to her from S. T. Coleridge, and have another to her from Joanna Baillie, and one from W. S. Rose. Her piety and deep religious earnestness were combined with a horror of anything like religious display; and I suppose we shall never know what we owe to her goodness and kindly wisdom. Perhaps it is not irrelevant to mention that, being something of an heiress, through the Rapers, from whom she inherited Twyford House, Herts, and being left very much to her own devices as a girl, she was brought up by a humble friend in the person of a certain Sophy Williams, who helped to give her character that religious and earnest tone which she afterwards impressed on her own descendants. "Mrs. Williams," as she was called, never married, and lived with the Freres, an honoured member of the family till her death, about 1843. She gave me my first £50, which my father invested for me, and of which I suppose I have the principal still. She was very anxious to see "Susan's



MRS. GEORGE FREERE.

[ELIZABETH RAPER GRANT.]

(From a daguerreotype.)

Boy," my brother John, and just lived to do so, the very last night of her life. When I think that our Frere grandparents had eight children and countless other descendants, I realize how far the influence of one obscure woman may spread, and how very different things might have been for us, if it had not been for good old Sophy Williams. (See the "Highland Lady" for further details regarding this truly good and kind-hearted woman.)

CHAPTER II

RYDAL AND STANFORD

OUR whole family party migrated to Rydal Mount for the summer of 1850. Our parents were at the Mount, but we children, with our kind governess, Miss Emmett,¹ were just at the foot of the hill, in Mrs. Irving's cottage, where there is a little brook in the garden. I remember, in a dreamlike way, that Bishop S. Wilberforce spent a night there, and that Priscilla and I had the honour of piloting him up the hill. The Mount itself has been so well described by our father in his memoirs of the poet that I need not dwell on it here. We felt the charm of the place as children would—the beauty of the mountain walks, the delights of boating on Rydal lake—there was a heronry there in those days, but I fear the herons are gone now. Our cousins, the poet's grandsons, Henry, William, and Charles, were there, and we went out fishing with them; and old James Dixon and "Pepper," the rough-haired terrier, were also beloved figures

¹ I cannot refrain from recording here the name of another governess, Miss Murray (afterwards Mrs. Wood), a dear and lifelong friend, who has died since these memoirs were begun.

of those days. James was an incomparable decorator of Easter eggs, black, yellow, crimson, or purple, with white designs scratched upon them. He had quite an artistic sense, but unfortunately, if one of the eggs *did* get broken, there was nothing for it but to throw it away as expeditiously as possible.

Our dear "Aunt Wordsworth," the poet's widow, was of course at the Mount, simple and kind, and with a quiet earnest dignity. Dear Aunt Dorothy had much less self-control about her. She was not really herself, never having recovered her mental powers since her bad illness some years before. I should like to say once for all, that this illness was meningitis, following on fatigue and over exertion, and that it affected her brain. But it is absurd to talk of it as in any way "hereditary." Probably if she had led a less self-sacrificing life, and studied her own comfort more, she would never have suffered as she did. One has little mental photographs of her going round the garden in her wheelchair, with perhaps a tame robin flying near her; or sitting by the parlour fire, while my father read Beattie's "Minstrel," and shedding tears because it reminded her so much of the old days.

Mr. Quillinan and his two daughters were at Loughrigg Holm, on the banks of the Rotha. Mr. Quillinan was a worthy, kindhearted man, but did not, somehow, impress me much. Very likely, though, I did not do him justice; see Matthew Arnold's touching memorial lines.

The Arnolds, on the other hand, excited my great admiration. One of the treats of that summer was the wedding of Miss Jane Arnold to Mr. W. E. Forster; and the good looks of the Arnold family, amid those lovely surroundings, offered a very attractive combination.

Rydal Chapel was *not* attractive, with its high pews and horrible little four-legged stools, which did duty for hassocks, and over which we children used to tumble, in, I fear, a rather scandalous manner. But the beauty outside made amends for everything.

Our grandfather Frere, and his devoted daughter Elizabeth, *our* "Aunt Lissey," and his brother Bartle (Bartholomew),¹ with his foreign valet, Cueillé, or some such name, had a cottage on the Ambleside Road. "Great-uncle Bartle," as we called him, had had a somewhat romantic history. He had been in the diplomatic service in various parts of the world; among others in Spain, where he fell in love with and was, by proxy, married to a beautiful Spanish lady, Barbara Ximenes by name, I believe, and she shortly afterwards died. He never married again, and lived a bachelor life in rooms in Savile Row in London. A tall, thin, oval faced, high-bred looking man, with gentle manners, fine tastes, and evidently much beloved in his family. He bequeathed later, to my father, a valuable bronze Greek helmet, with an archaic inscription; and to his nephew, another Bartle (John Laurie) Frere, a

¹ The uncle of Sir Bartle Frere, who was called after him.

good many valuable pictures which he had brought from Spain; two magnificent Velasquez among them.¹ He died not long after this visit to the Lakes.

We did not remain entirely at Rydal, for I remember going over the Pass of Kirkstone, and also going to Penrith, and, with our father and mother and Priscilla, to Kendal, where some of our Braithwaite Quaker relations lived. A Braithwaite had married a Lloyd, our father's aunt. The chief thing that impressed us was the rather formidable pause, instead of saying grace, when the dinner was put on the table; and the sober, rich dresses of the ladies, with caps and white muslin fichus. Bevan Braithwaite, the son of the house, was a distinguished member of the fraternity; see his "Life."

Altogether, our time in the north of England was one fruitful in new and interesting impressions. By the way, I must not forget Mr. Quillinan reading Browning's "Pied Piper" aloud, and saying something to the effect "That fellow doesn't know how much I've done for him in reading and talking about his poems." This at least is my impression, but I was barely ten at the time. A pretty recollection of Rydal Mount is the big dish or soup plate, with a little nosegay in it for each guest, which used to appear at the midday meal on Sunday, and dear

¹ These pictures, representing St. John the Evangelist and the Virgin with a crown of stars, are still in the possession of the Frere family.

Aunt Wordsworth quoting the Bible words "darkness and light to him are both alike," of her blind relative, Mr. Monkhouse.

The next great event in our lives was a move to Stanford in the Vale, our new country home. Our father had taken this very poor living (which was in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster), partly no doubt because he wanted a quiet country home for himself and us, and partly because, as a clergyman, he felt the need of directly pastoral work. We arrived there on May 13th, 1851 (our sister Susan's birthday); and I remember my childish impression of the beauty of a great bank of blue speedwell (*veronica*), which struck me with all the charm of novelty. Our country holidays had usually been in the late summer or autumn. For the same reason, I suppose, I remember being impressed by the loveliness of the apple blossoms in our little orchard field, and by the glorious beauty of the Berkshire meadows, with their buttercups, cowslips, and purple orchises in May and June.

I have endeavoured to describe Stanford in our father's "Life," so will only say here that after the first pleasant impression of the country and its special charm was worn off, the reverse side began to show itself. The village was in a most unsatisfactory moral state; and I remember getting glimpses of drunkenness and vice which till then had been unknown to me, except through the medium of books. I was just at the age when one is passing out of childhood and begin-

ning to see life from the grown-up point of view, and I shall never forget some of the depressing influences of those first few years of village life, happy as they were in many ways.

Our mother was ill at her father's house in London, when the sorrowful news reached us of the death of our uncle, her beloved brother, John Frere. I can still remember our being summoned by our governess into the study and seeing our father's face with an expression of such misery that we could not help exclaiming "Oh, *is* it mamma?" We were soon told the truth; it was, to us children, almost a relief, and yet it was a most heavy loss. He was quite the pride of his family; the one they all looked up to. I remember hearing in later years that his death was probably due to the neglect and carelessness of his nurse, who did not watch him carefully enough after the crisis of his illness (scarlet fever), caught while visiting sick parishioners, had been passed; but be that as it may, it was one of the heaviest blows that could have befallen his family and friends. He was one of the clergy of those days who were by their lives and examples helping to build up a higher state of things, and we always look back to his memory as that of a scholar and a saint. In person I have been a little reminded of him by his and our kinsman "Father Frere," of Mirfield.

In the following year, 1852, our youngest sister Dora (now Mrs. Leeke) was born, at the Cloisters. My sister Priscilla and I went thither a few days

later, and I can remember our father taking us to see Albert Smith's "Mont Blanc," which was the rage at that time. Perhaps we were rather young to appreciate some of the jokes ; but it was rather amusing on the whole. In 1853 we two girls went with our father and mother to Paris for a short time. His little book "Notes at Paris" gives an account of our trip. I can also just remember calling on the Abbé Migne, the editor of the *Patrologie*—a magnificent undertaking—and going to our first French play, "Le Consulat et l'Empire," which was a sort of glorification of Napoleon, with plenty of gunpowder in it—this performance included a procession of the monks of St. Bernard with a "hymn," the burden of which was :

"Et daigne abriter sous tes ailes
Les moines du mont Saint Bernard."

In those days the Tuileries were still standing, and he would have been a very bold prophet who could have foretold that in less than half a century all that—to use Evelyn's phrase—would be "in the dust." Yet I remember even then the strong feeling in our minds that France was on the brink of a precipice. As the French themselves said, Napoleon III was "l'homme du moment," but there seemed very little real stability in his position, or strength in his hold on their hearts. In connection with one of our trips to Paris I recall a rather touching little incident. We had brought back with us, "to astonish the

natives,' one of those huge French rolls of bread about two yards long, which may, for aught I know, still go on being manufactured. One of our Stanford poor people, a very nice woman, called Emmæ Varney, had just lost a son of whom she and her husband John were very proud, and almost heartbroken when he died. She happened to be at our house when this French roll was exhibited; and all she could say, poor thing, was, "It's just about as tall as Richard was." It seemed very pathetic, everything had in some way or other to be brought round to him; and I have often thought what a true piece of human nature it was.

In 1854 our grandfather, George Frere, died; and early in 1855 our dear Aunt Lissey came to live in a cottage close to the vicarage at Stanford. She was an unusually brilliant and delightful woman, with beautiful features, magnificent hair, which she wore in a Grecian knot and coronet; and a most generous, unselfish disposition. In concert with our father and other friends, she had been the founder of the nursing institution afterwards so well known as St. John's House; and later on she started a little home for orphans at Stanford, besides being indefatigable in her care of the sick and poor in the village. She was one of the best talkers I ever knew, full of humour, a clever mimic, almost unconsciously so sometimes, and had an exquisitely flexible soprano voice. Such songs of Handel's as "Oh, had I Jubal's lyre," or "Rejoice greatly"—in the

"Messiah—" might have been written on purpose for her. I do not think either she or our dear mother could have sung out of tune if they had tried; and their third sister, our "Aunt Anne," was also a very clever musician and composer. They had all three been pupils of Dr. Crotch. We used to have, in later years, a good many parish concerts, and I do not think it is entirely a prejudice that makes me say I have rarely, if ever, heard those exquisite recitatives before the chorus "Glory to God in the highest" sung with such perfect reverence and purity of intonation as our dear mother used to put into them. We had also at that time a bright, clever governess, Miss Irving, who had a delicious contralto voice, and who introduced us to a good deal of modern music, in addition to the Handel and Mozart (how we used to strum the airs in "Don Giovanni" as duets!) on which we had been principally brought up. So, one way and another, we had a good deal of music. The singing in church was very primitive. I can still see the funny old wooden pitch pipe which was used to start the tunes—we had no instrument. Afterwards Miss Irving had an elegant set of silvery pitch pipes in a case, which were much more easy to depend upon. There were no "Hymns Ancient and Modern" then; and we chiefly made use of the metrical Psalms in the Prayer Book. There was a nice florid tune by Barthélemon to "Awake, my Soul"; and we used to sing "Lo! He comes" to the old "Helmsley" tune, which was at one

time rigidly excluded from Hymns A. & M. I rather think they have had to put it back.

There was a nice tune ["Heathfield"] to :

"My God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent
Its grateful tribute to present,"

which it was a pleasure to sing, but which I don't believe any musician would look at now. Altogether, we were a very primitive people. We had Christmas mummers who performed in our dining-room, the libretto being very much the same with that which has been preserved by Miss Yonge ; we had carol-singers and—greatest of village excitements—we had "Club Day." This was a meeting of the local benefit club, which marched about the village with a band and a banner ; the stewards had heavy poles painted blue, with red knobs, and decorated at the top with bunches of lilac, peonies and laburnum. The band accompanied them in church ; they had, I think, the Old Hundredth and the Metrical Psalm beginning :

"Happy the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distressed ;
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest."

Part of the programme was to dance on the vicarage lawn. Anything much funnier than this dance I never expect to see. The Club consisted entirely of men in Sunday attire of black hats and coats ; and to see them hopping about,

dodging the flower beds on the lawn, and looking indeed like the proverbial Englishman who takes his pleasure sadly, was a sight not easily to be forgotten. The very heavy meal which constituted the main business of the day took place in the National school. Our dear father and his curates went to share in it, and I have no doubt their being there had a good effect in promoting order and sobriety, but it was rather an effort on their part.

Another thing my father insisted on doing was having a tithe dinner (though of course as Vicar, he did not have the great tithes) at his own house, instead of letting the money be paid through a lawyer. He bought a punch bowl and a ladle, and did everything in due style, quoting, no doubt with a smile on his lips, Cowper's lines :

“ For then the farmers come, jog, jog,
Along the miry road,
Each heart as heavy as a log,
To make their payments good.”

Afterwards we had a social entertainment, of which the “Lass of Richmond Hill,” sung by one of our guests, with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, was a conspicuous feature. He had a way of lengthening out some of the notes—as if he had said to them, “Now I’ve got you I’ll stick to you,” which added to the zest of the performance.

A picturesque figure in our younger days was

old Nanny Grundy, who kept a dame's school of a very primitive kind in a cottage on the green. Each child brought a brick to sit upon, and when they were naughty, they were pinned by the skirt to the cushion on which the old lady sat. When they were very bad indeed, she called them "little unbelievers." To see her setting sail for church on Sunday in her scarlet cloak (there were one or two others in the village), black coal-scuttle bonnet, white frill, and velvet shoes, was a thing not to be forgotten.

Among the younger women sun-bonnets were almost universal, and smock-frocks among the men. How well I remember our last Stanford Confirmation, and how really beautiful the men looked in their white raiment! Now there is hardly a smock to be seen, and the fine art—for such it really was—of embroidering smocks, is probably also extinct in the village.

I do not like to close this chapter without paying tribute to the great kindness and friendliness of our Stanford farmers and their wives, for many of whom we felt a real affection as years went on, and whom we still think and speak of with warm regard.

CHAPTER III

BOOKS AND MEN

THE winter of 1854-5 was, of course, the Crimean winter, and one of exceptional severity. Our Miss Irving had a brother in a Government office, and she used to read us scraps of his letters, describing the muddle in which everything was, especially in the commissariat department; and this, and the fact that one of my father's curates, the Rev. G. H. Proctor, went out as an assistant chaplain to the forces, and died of fever at Scutari, added to our interest. In those days the Crimean War dominated everything. The ladies were all scraping lint or knitting woollen mittens, and every particle of news from the "seat of war" was eagerly discussed. Our own family interest in it consisted in the fact that our dear Aunt Anne's husband, Captain Frere (who was also her cousin, a brother of Sir Bartle Frere), was employed in landing the troops at Varna; and the exposure he underwent in that climate sowed the seeds of the illness of which he eventually died.

I was confirmed at Brompton by Bishop Blomfield on February 18th (Quinquagesima.

Sunday), 1855. It must have been one of his last confirmations, for he resigned shortly afterwards ; and I remember hearing how much pain he had in his hands, I suppose from rheumatism. It gave me a curious feeling when, later in life, I met the white-haired Dr. Cookson, Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, to find that he, too, had been confirmed by Bishop Blomfield !

Meanwhile, things were going on steadily and quietly at home. We did a certain amount of lessons and a good deal of "parish." Life was an odd blend of Prideaux' "Connection of the Old and New Testament," a very learned and rather stiff book which we used to read aloud, and which gave me the very few ideas I have ever possessed about the successors of Alexander, and odd half-hours spent in the National school, in which we did our best to impart the most elementary knowledge to some not very orderly children. I don't think we ever got quite to the end of Prideaux' "Connection," but I have not forgotten the delight I felt when the dear, dry old historian got to a particular date, and added the words, "It was at about this date that the Prophetess Anna was born." It seemed like the first snowdrop of spring.

About this time the "Heir of Redclyffe" came out, and, I must honestly confess, was a good deal more exciting than Prideaux' "Connection." It is difficult for people of this generation to understand the enthusiasm with which it was received. It was, as regards fiction, what, to the

Tractarian Movement, the "Christian Year" and some of Newman's poems had been as regards poetry. It represented the love of beauty, both natural and spiritual, which characterized that large section of English society in the upper-middle class which was recruited from our cultured home life, our universities, our cathedral towns, and our country parsonages. We felt in it the influence of Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Malory, Dante, Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, Manzoni, and even Keble's "Praelections," of which a portion is translated in an early part of the book. It is hardly too much to say that Charlotte Yonge's work, open to criticism as it doubtless is, yet seems likely to remain as the high watermark of English society at its very best. It speaks very favourably for the life of our homes in the "fifties" that such a book should have won instant popularity, not only with girls in the schoolroom, but with grown men, scholars, artists, and men of the world. Jane Austen's genius is a thing by itself; but when we open one of her books and contrast it with one of Charlotte Yonge's, we feel that though the former was the finer artist, the latter had nobler subjects to depict. The spirit of the age had changed from one of kindly acquiescence in things as they were, to one of earnest desire to make ourselves and our surroundings very much better than we found them. Emma Woodhouse would never have started a school at Cocksmoor, and we cannot fancy even the immaculate-

Edmund Bertram lending £1,000 to two ladies to found a penitentiary!

Among other books to which I remember feeling grateful at this time were Trench "On the Study of Words," and Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing." Both these books seemed to answer questions which one was always half-consciously asking about the history of language and the principles of art. It was about this time that we went, when at Westminster, to hear Ruskin lecture at a very primitive little Working Men's College (or some such name). The subject was "Illuminating," and he read impressively the beautiful passage from Longfellow's "Golden Legend" about "Fra Pacifico," which ends:

"I'll sketch her in some quiet nook
For the margin of my Gospel Book."

Another "epoch-making book" in my existence was "Butler's Analogy," which I read when I was about fourteen or fifteen. Its first effect was, I think, to make me rather miserable. Butler's guarded statements, his axiom that "probability is the guide of life," and his lack of enthusiasm were rather a contrast to the definite dogmatic teaching we had received as children. But I can truly say that to this day I feel as if reading Butler's Analogy and his sermons had let in a new light on my mind. We had been unconsciously imbibing both from Wordsworth and Ruskin the belief that the Being who created this wonderful physical

universe with all its beauty was the same Being to whom we owe our moral and spiritual life. But in Butler we pass from the idea of God as shown in this beautiful physical creation to the idea of God's method of working in human life and passions in the world of actual events. I must not, however, make this a dissertation on the author of the "Sermons on Human Nature," but I should like once for all to record my gratitude to him and to his teaching.

In the year 1854 our parents' dear friends, Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn, came to England.

Our mother and she had been married almost at the same date, and her letters, some of which I hope some day may be given to the public, always kept us more or less in touch with the early missionary work in New Zealand.

The following letters seem worthy of preservation, showing, as they do, the beginning and end of a great career.

The "disaster" referred to in this letter was the destruction of the Head Master's house at Harrow, by fire, a day or two previously.

G. A. SELWYN to CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

ETON COLLEGE, WINDSOR,
October 25, 1838.

MY DEAR WORDSWORTH,

Nothing could be more ill-timed than my letter, to which I little expected an answer by return of post, when I heard of what had happened. I wish that I could concentrate into

a small compass the sympathy of Eton for her sister on the Hill. The general expression of sorrow at your great disaster would gratify you if you could hear it. I intended to have waited upon you with a deputation of condolence to-day, but certain magnetic influences drew me in a different direction. But I am sure that you will believe me, when I say that I think often and with great regret of the present desolation of the house in which I have spent so many pleasant hours, and in which I hoped to enjoy the same gratification of friendly intercourse under still more favourable auspices.

As I believe that a letter is now on its way to Susan F. which will serve as a scholium to my enigmatical announcement, I feel myself released from the obligation of secrecy and therefore append as a note to my former letter that Susan's bosom friend, Sarah Richardson, is the lady in question. The matter is as little talked of at present as such secrets usually are, which means that everybody knows all about it except some of the most intimate friends on both sides, who are studiously kept in the dark. My debt of gratitude to Susan is one main feature of the *συζυγία*. She was the chief comforter of Sarah in the time of her affliction; and therefore has unwittingly contributed very greatly to my happiness.

I remain,

My dear Wordsworth,

Your very sincere Friend,

G. A. SELWYN.

The same to the same, thirty-two years later.

PALACE, LICHFIELD,
July 24, 1870.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

The sight of Lincoln Cathedral would in former years have tempted me to preach in it, but "*non sum qualis eram*," I have now a dread of large buildings, and an obligation is laid upon me by medical advice to keep myself within my own bounds, which are wide enough to absorb the remaining strength of

Your affectionate friend,

G. A. LICHFIELD.

The allusion to the "affliction" in the first of these letters refers to an early attachment of Mrs. Selwyn's to a Mr. Allen, who died and left her nearly broken-hearted. Our aunts used to relate how one day, when they were out driving with her in London, a military funeral passed them and how deeply affected she was by it. I think Mr. Allen must have been either in the army or on the army medical staff.

George Selwyn, as he then was, had very great difficulty in inducing her to become his wife; as he said himself "While Christopher was *saying* to Sue, I was *sueing* to Sa" (this was her *nom de famille*). But that wonderful will of his at length prevailed,¹ though she little knew

¹ It is recorded in his "Life" that at least on one occasion he swam the Thames at midnight, on return from her Bucks residence, to Windsor. A good preparation for his future adventures!

at the time how great was the undertaking on which she embarked.

The story has often been told of his going to London to announce that his elder brother would not undertake the Bishopric of New Zealand, and being asked if he himself would take his place; how he went home and told his wife, and she replied with characteristic love and bravery, "Where you go, I go," a promise nobly fulfilled if ever one was. I do not remember seeing much of the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn on this, their first return to England, but I shall ever treasure a vivid memory of them both. One really did not know which one admired the most. There was a charm about her which has rarely been equalled. As a girl she must have been most attractive, with her dark hair, brilliant eyes, and fascinating manner. She reminded one of a thoroughbred horse, full of spirit, full of "go," ready to work on till she dropped, and with a bright smile, and a witty cheerful word on every emergency. The last time, or nearly the last I ever saw her, years after this, I was talking rather despondently about the state of the world, "Ah, my dear," you must, as my husband said, 'sow a little hope-seed!' There's faith, you know, and hope, and charity," ticking them off, I think, on her thin old fingers as she spoke. "Well, we say a great deal about faith, and a great deal about charity, but poor hope, somehow or other we leave her out in the cold." From her sitting-room

windows at Lichfield one could see her husband's grave, and the very last time I saw her was in her bedroom lying in bed, while the crutches leaning in a corner reminded one of her hardly less wonderful son, whose lameness was due to exposure, during his self-sacrificing efforts in the missionary cause.

The following letter, written by Mrs. Selwyn to my sister Priscilla, then a nurse at King's College Hospital, on whom she and her great friend Lady Martin had been calling, will vividly recall her to her old friends :

THE LOLLARDS' TOWER,
June 10 (no date of year).

MY DEAR PRISCILLA,

I return in a grateful spirit the ten shillings so kindly lent to the indigent friend. But we were distressed, on leaving the Hospital, at the disappearance of our cab. The man put us down at the great portico. We in haste made for the side door; and tho' Lady Martin did say "Wait," I fear he departed with the conviction that we were well-dressed (partially, that is), swindlers, also hypocrites, and that

"What our charity impairs
We save by prudence in affairs."

As we used to sing in church in the old days before hymns, for we visited the sick and cheated the cabman !

Good-bye, dear,
Your very affectionate,
S. H. SELWYN.

But to return to "the fifties." My sisters Priscilla, Mary, Susan, and Dora, and my brother Christopher, were all successively confirmed by the then Bishop of Oxford, Dr. S. Wilberforce. He often came and stayed at our house, and it was naturally a very exciting event. He possessed, if any one ever did, a magnetic personality. I can see him now, with his fascinatingly ugly face, large mouth, thick wavy hair, and irresistible manner, his quick powers of observation, his courtesy and his unfailing humour. You could never forget he was in the room, he dominated every society in which he was to be found. One's own recollections of him are rather trivial. So much depended on the Wilberforce voice, the Wilberforce manner! My brother Christopher remembers on one of these visits, going up to his room to tell him dinner was ready. An extra number of toilet candles had been lighted in his honour—and the Bishop went round, blowing out one light after another, and saying: "We must extinguish the superabundance of the paternal luminaries." There was an inimitable impressiveness about this. I remember once hearing him give an address (it must have been at the opening of a village school) on our Lord taking a child and setting him by Him, and speaking of "the extreme beauty in the young" as a providential dispensation of God to make us care for them in their helplessness.

I once heard of his going to confirm at a public school—he had asked the master beforehand if

there was any point he wished him to dwell upon, and was told they were very inaccurate in the details of their work. In the course of his address he referred to this with rather a quaint illustration. "When you are combing your hair of a morning, perhaps some of you have a comb with two or three broken teeth. What a trifling thing that is, but you know how it gets in your way and hurts you and tears your hair and hinders you every time you use it! Now that is just the way with your school work. Some little thing, some little bit of carelessness or neglect, gets in your way over and over again. Do try to cure yourselves, my dear boys, of these slovenly ways."

An old friend of his, I think it was the late beloved Bishop of Lincoln, told me a story of once going for a walk with him in the neighbourhood of Cuddesdon. As they were on their way they met a boy with a bird's nest. The Bishop, in modern phrase, "gave it him hot." "How can you be so cruel? Mind you never do such a thing again. Think of the feelings of the poor mother bird . . ." Once more he glanced at the nest in the boy's hand, and I am sorry to say the naturalist overpowered the prelate. "What bird's nest did you say that was?" The boy gave some quaint local name. This was quite too much for the Bishop's proclivities. "Well, well, you may take the nest to the Palace and," I fear he added, "Mrs. Blank (the housekeeper) will give you sixpence for it."

CHAPTER IV

SCHOOLROOM DAYS

BUT to return to 1857. It was a rather eventful year in my life, as I was sent to a school at Brighton under the (I fear) delusive hope that I should be able to impart accomplishments to my sisters on my return. I certainly learned to talk French fairly easily, to read and speak a little German, and to play and sing after a moderate fashion. I think I had some natural talent for drawing, but *how* "South Kensington" would have anathematized the methods which were then prevalent! We copied blacklead pencil drawings on Bristol board, we did sketches with ready-made sunset and moonlight "effects" of pink and grey respectively, which looked really imposing when touched up with Chinese white by the master's steady hand; we did, I think, a little perspective (this last was *really* useful), and we filled pages on pages with "touches" as they were called, done copy-book fashion. The master did a little scribble on the top left-hand corner, which was supposed to be typical of the foliage of oak, birch, elm, willow, etc., and we repeated it (*non passibus æquis*) over and over.

again! Well might Ruskin inveigh against such methods as these.

I am afraid I must say, that on looking back on the boarding school education of those days, it all seems to me to have been very superficial. The "religious teaching" consisted in our learning some passages of Scripture by heart for repetition, for which I have always been grateful; in a dull little reading of "James on the Collects" on Sundays, between breakfast and church; and I rather think we had some papers of questions given us to answer in writing, at a class in the evening or afternoon, as well as some good little S.P.C.K. story books dealt out to us as Sunday reading, but I doubt if any one read them much. We used to go to All Saints' Church, which, if not exciting, was certainly not "extreme."

The one person who really taught us to *think* was, I should say, a certain "Mr. Phillips," whose name must be known to all Brightonians of that and a later date. He took us for our English essays, and did a good deal to open our minds, both on historical and literary subjects. I also remember at this time getting hold of "Macaulay's Essays," and reading some of them with great interest.

I think, however, this year at school was very good for me, as it gave me some insight into girls and their ways, which I was not sorry for later in life, and particularly as regards the importance of school games (of which we had

none). All the exercise we got was an occasional dancing lesson, from "Madame Adelaide" (Michaud), and a very clever woman she was in her way; rides on the Brighton downs for the favoured few, and "crocodile" walks on the King's Road and elsewhere, not unfrequently enlivened by a visit to the pastrycook's. There was a good deal of silly nonsense about dress, flirtations and the like, which centred round an Italian singing master, who was the idol of a certain set of girls. I often think that if some of this enthusiasm could have been expended on a tennis or hockey match, it would have been better, for both mind and body; and a good deal of my readiness to encourage games, in later years, at Lady Margaret Hall, is traceable to my Brighton experiences.

But all these minor matters were dwarfed by the great event of the spring of 1857, namely the Indian Mutiny, which stirred the country in a way it has never been stirred since. The worst moments of the last South African war were never as terrible as those when we learnt of the massacre at Cawnpore, and the name of Nana Sahib was held in greater execration than that of either Krüger or (during the Crimean War) the Emperor Nicholas.

Almost every one had relatives in India; we were no exception, for our mother's cousin Bartle Frere, then Commissioner of Sind, was earning undying gratitude from Lord Elphinstone and Sir John Lawrence for sending up reinforce-

ments of troops to the seat of war, while he continued to keep his own district under perfect control.

The "Mutiny" has long taken a prominent place in both romance and history. All that need be said of it here is that it certainly brought good out of evil in fixing the eyes of the British public on India, and in emphasizing the need of Indian missions.

I left school at the age of seventeen and a half, and I may say this—technically speaking—closed my education, though from time to time we had drawing and singing lessons from professional teachers, which we much enjoyed. But our real "educators" had been our parents and other relatives, especially my father, whose whole level of mind was extraordinarily high; though, of course, so far as chemistry, natural science, astronomy and mathematics went, we really never were taught at all, and I might have said with Charles Lamb that if the sun had taken to rising in the west instead of the east, it would not have astonished me very much. We did just know that the earth went round the sun, and if hard put to it could perhaps have explained the cause of an eclipse. We never learnt more than the very rudiments of English grammar, and to this day, if I want to know what part of speech an English word is, I have to turn it into Latin. We were never taught botany, but here again a natural turn for drawing and observing flowers did almost as

well. À propos of drawing, we remember gratefully the teaching of Miss Eliza Hobhouse (sister of the Bishop of Nelson), a tall dark lady with beautiful hands, and an old family friend of the Freres : she set us up with big drawing boards and crayons, and made us do studies nearly as large as life, of pitchers, white arum-lilies, and other things. I felt as if I had learnt more from her in half-a-dozen informal lessons, than in all my time at school, and my sister Mary also profited greatly. My sisters used periodically to bewail that they (except the youngest) had never had even the year at school which was accorded to me. But I really do not think they have been much the worse for it. When you once have taught a boy and girl to read, you have put the key of knowledge into their hands, and they can follow their own peculiar bent. I may add that we were all taught to do plain needlework, and I believe could, any of us, cut out and make a serviceable shirt if necessary ; though our dear mother used to groan over my button-holes, and I fear the "gathers" would also have admitted of improvement. Still, we all of us learnt to use our wits and our fingers, to write legible hands, in some cases to draw and paint (Priscilla and Susan had very pretty voices, and sang charmingly), and to read aloud intelligibly (a much rarer gift than is sometimes supposed), and this made our home evenings very happy ones. I can remember our mother took an infinity of pains when we were children to make us speak plain,

and when I hear some of the clergy read, I wish she had had the training of them!

We learnt a good deal by visiting the poor, of the ordinary facts of practical life; and we heard a certain amount of good talk, not only from my father, but from our maternal aunts (who inherited no small share of the wit of their uncle, John Hookham Frere), and other *habitués* of the house. We saw various sides of country life and simple, primitive human nature at Stanford; and at Westminster we got most interesting glimpses of a bigger world; while the occasional visits of our uncle, the Bishop of St. Andrew's, taught us a little about Scotch affairs.¹ Speaking of Westminster I may be allowed to express my conviction that few things are more educative than living near an old historical building. In the case of "the Abbey," one might say every stone was alive with ideas. The grand impressive services, the music, the great state ceremonies, such as public funerals, all taught us something. And I shall not easily forget how (under pretext of sketching) I had many happy hours in the nooks and corners of the Abbey, when one seemed to imbibe the very spirit of the Past.

Our home occupation, at this time, was chiefly copying out for the press the various portions of our father's Commentary, first on the New, and

¹ Owing to the fact that our dear uncle's life has been written elsewhere, it has seemed unnecessary to say much of it here, close as were the ties between us.

then on the Old Testament, and then in looking over the proof-sheets and verifying every Scripture reference. This was hard work, but we felt proud of helping him, and it taught us to know our Bibles; and as the conversation was very apt to turn on whatever our dear father was at work upon at the moment, we learnt a good deal in a somewhat informal way. It often struck me in those days, and strikes me still, how, in one's small personal troubles, instead of having them discussed and pitied and sympathized over, one's mind was *lifted* to a higher plane. The big way of looking at things which characterized our father was perhaps more real help and comfort than minute personal sympathy would have been—it was like a walk in mountain air.

Our father used to like to do a little Greek Testament on Sunday evenings, when he catechized us as we sat round the table after our 6 p.m. tea (no evening services in those days!). It was pretty easy to construe the epistle or gospel for the day, when one knew the English by heart; but our dear father's mind was much more intent on theology than grammar, which he seemed to expect one to know by intuition. Happily, however, our brother John came to the rescue, and a few old grammars and school books of his were pressed into the service. I remember being anxious to read Homer; and my father advised me to use a Clarke's Homer (there were one or two lying about the house, relics of some extinct Harrow boy)—and, with

the aid of the Latin translation and a grammar and dictionary, I plodded through the entire Iliad (all but the catalogue of ships), and I believe the Odyssey also, at the rate of at first about 50 lines a day. I have never regretted the time thus spent—but I sometimes think how lucky modern girls are to have things made so easy for them as they are.

I ought not to omit that at the age of thirteen I had made my first acquaintance with Walter Scott's novels, through the medium of the "Antiquary." For two or three days it held me perfectly spell-bound, and I can even now never think of the torchlight scene in St. Ruth's, or of the opening canto of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," without a thrill.

I have spoken elsewhere of dear John and of the wonderful help he was to us all, and how he twice won the New College Scholarship, as well as a Commoner's Exhibition, as Christopher did also, a few years later, at Winchester. Our future lives depended more than we knew on these circumstances, and I often think, if John's alcaics in 1857 had not been quite so neatly turned out, or some of his other papers in 1860-1 had had fewer good answers in them, how different things might have been for us! His going up to Oxford in 1861 led to many important results, of which more must be said hereafter, but when one seeks to unravel the threads of life it is astonishing to find how subtly they are interwoven.

CHAPTER V

THE EARLY SIXTIES

I SPENT my twenty-first birthday with our parents at the Cloisters, Westminster. Most of the family were at Bournemouth ; but our dear friend and neighbour, Anna H. Drury, author of "The Blue Ribbons" and other popular tales, and one of the brightest and kindest of women, came in to spend the evening. The only thing I think I can remember was the beauty of the full moon shining in at the windows. But that evening always fixed itself in my mind, because three days afterwards we heard of the awfully sudden death of our friend's adopted father, Mr. Edward Harnage. He died almost instantaneously at his club, and was brought home in a cab. We were in those days on such intimate terms with the family that the news came as a very great shock. No. 7, The Terrace, Dean's Yard, where they resided, and which is now the "Church House," was in those days a centre to us of much bright and pleasant society. Mrs. Harnage (Eliza Drury) had a good deal of the pluck and spirit and wit and cheerfulness of her race ; and many an agreeable informal evening did we spend at

her house. I remember her once taking me to the Opera—the only time I ever saw Thackeray, except, I think, on a distant balcony when the Prince and future Princess of Wales made a triumphal procession through London. Mary Harnage and my sister Mary and I used to go together to the National Gallery, where we spent many a pleasant hour trying to copy pictures. I remember Mrs. Newton (*née* Severn) at the National Gallery, making a beautiful copy of Raffael's St. Katharine, which was intended as a wedding present for the new Princess of Wales.

It was just at the time when croquet was the rage (as may be seen by Millais' illustrations of the "Small House at Allington" in the old Cornhill Magazines), and we used to play it vigorously on hot summer evenings in the College Gardens.

The charming daughters of Dean (afterwards Archbishop) Trench were intimate with us at this time; and we used to go together to visit the patients at the Westminster Hospital. Altogether, the early sixties were a very pleasant time for us. All the more deeply did we feel it when this unexpected note of sorrow sounded in our midst. To myself, it was almost the first experience of personal grief, and I shall never forget the effect it produced on me. About this time I found a great deal of interest in reading the "Pensées de Pascal," a book which not only chimed in with the somewhat sorrowful tone of

my thoughts, but suggested many new and valuable ideas, which lasted long after the pain of the immediate sorrow had passed away.

Among our pleasant Westminster neighbours I ought to mention Mr. F. H. Rivaz and his daughters, who lived at 19 Cowley Street, and who took a great and practical interest in the Westminster poor and in the Westminster Hospital, and with whom we were very intimate; and also our next door neighbours, the Nepeans, a large and cheerful and popular family. Canon Evan Nepean used to boast that he had been taught to waltz by the Princess Charlotte, and he used to be fond of relating how, when he was a small boy, he was one day at the Admiralty, where his father, the first baronet of the name, was secretary. He happened to be alone there, when a gentleman came in; and boy-like, noticing his empty sleeve, he inquired, "What's the matter with your arm?" "Oh, I've lost it! Would you like to see it?"—and suiting the action to the word, the stranger took off his coat and exhibited his injured limb. He did not stay long, but when Sir Evan—or some other official—came back, and the boy told him what had happened, he exclaimed, "Well, *that's* a thing you will be proud of all your life, to be able to say you have seen Lord Nelson and his famous arm."

The years 1860-61 were also memorable as being the years of the Italian War of Independence. It will be remembered how Louis Napoleon, who at first professed to be going to

help the Italians, deserted them, carrying off Nice and Savoy as his share of the spoils. As the popular witticism went, "Le Roi Victor Emanuel, en criant pour l'Italie, a perdu sa voix" (Savoie). Another witticism of those days was the dropping slips of paper about Rome with the words, "Non piove" upon them. This might be construed as meaning "It doesn't rain," or as "Non Pio; V. E." (Vittorio Emanuele).

My father, always deeply interested in Italian affairs, decided to pay a visit to Italy in 1862. I had left for the Continent some weeks earlier, accompanying Mrs. Harnage and her daughter and niece to Dresden, a trip to which I even now look back with pleasure. The picturesque old town with its beautiful bridge, and the glorious sunsets and moonrises to be seen from it, the quaint figures of women with baskets on their backs; the lovely neighbourhood which we visited in steamer excursions; the opening leaves and buds of 'Easter; the masses of white cherry blossom, all threw me into an ecstasy, as did the glorious Rembrandts in the gallery, the San Sisto Madonna, the crowds of other art treasures, not forgetting the great Holbein Madonna. We spent many hours in the Print Room. Professor Gruner, to whom we had introductions, and who is well known in England as having superintended the erection of the Mausoleum at Frogmore, gave us facilities for copying the sketches, and he and his wife and family were most kind to us. Then

the pleasure of going to the Opera for a merely trifling payment, without any fuss or parade—how delightful it all was ! I remember going to “Norma,” and to Goethe’s “Iphigenia,” which, however, it was difficult to take *quite* seriously. The time sped away only too fast. I bade good-bye to our kind friends, and started—in charge, I think, of Mrs. Harnage’s footman, “George”—to join my parents and sister Priscilla at Frankfort.

In these days, when every inch of the Continent is so familiar, it seems unnecessary to expatiate on the beauties of Basle, Lucerne, or the St. Gothard; but I may be allowed to say that driving over St. Gothard, as we did, was a very different thing from crossing it in a stuffy railway carriage, as people do now.

During this tour we visited Milan, Genoa, Florence, and finally Rome, and saw most of the objects of interest which the traveller usually sees. I remember when we reached Turin on our homeward way, my father gave a gasp of relief as he exclaimed, “What a comfort there’s nothing here that we need go and see !” To my sister and myself this tour will always be full of memories of surpassing beauty both in Art and still more in Nature, for when all is said and done, one comes back to the exquisite charm of the Italian soil and climate as *the* thing to which the country owes her wondrous enchantment.

But to our elders the political and religious situation was even more interesting. Cavour

had died the year before; we were present in Florence at a grand memorial service in his honour. The deadlock between Church and State was a serious one. Thirty-four bishoprics were vacant because the Pope refused to accept the royal nomination; and while the nation was rejoicing in its newly won liberty, the Church stood sullenly aside. It will be remembered that the Papacy, backed up by Louis Napoleon, was still in possession of Rome. My father wrote "Three Letters to a Statesman" (Sir James Hudson, then English Minister at Turin), pointing out that the moment had come to constitute a National Church independent of the See of Rome. These (anonymous) letters were translated into Italian by Signor Pifferi, and produced so great a sensation that the supposed author was offered a pension by Cardinal de Angelis, Archbishop of Fermo, if he would undertake to publish no more such letters. It can easily be imagined how much our dear father was delighted and amused by this offer. Alas, the opportunity for founding such a National Church went by, and the Papacy ultimately triumphed, crushing, hunting down, and in many cases starving out, those who opposed it! But I must refer those who are interested in this subject to my father's "Tour in Italy," published in 1863.

The year 1863 was also memorable as the one in which our friendship with our future sister-in-law, Susan Esther Coxe, and her family began. And here I must ask leave to go back for a

generation. The family of Sir Hilgrove Turner, of Jersey extraction, were very intimate with our mother and aunts. They had had a somewhat romantic history. During the time of the French Revolution, Colonel Turner, as I suppose he was then, was in the Netherlands, where the French were perpetrating the greatest barbarities. He was present in 1793 at Valenciennes, at the attack on a convent, whence two youthful sisters (not nuns) were being torn, to be married, or at least to be given over, to some horrible red republicans. One of these sisters, Esther by name, charmed him so much that he offered to marry her himself, and did so. She was but seventeen. No one knows what became of the other. A portrait of the former still in existence represents her as a beautiful young girl with wayward little curls of dark hair, and a lovely pose of the head. On one occasion she was separated temporarily from her husband and applied to the revolutionary authorities to be sent back to him, to which they replied, "Why should you trouble to go after your husband? Such a pretty woman as you will soon get another!" Her eldest daughter Madelon was baptized, tradition says, in a cellar by a priest in a smock frock. She grew up a beautiful woman, and had an unusual number of admirers, but never married. She was the devoted friend of our "Aunt Lissey."

Sir Hilgrove Turner (as he afterwards became) was present in Egypt when the French had to give up to England the celebrated Rosetta Stone.

All the while the Stone was being moved the French indulged in jeers and derisive remarks of an offensive kind ; of these Turner took not the smallest notice, but when the Stone was safely secured, he turned round and made them an extremely respectful salute, and rode away.¹ He became eventually private secretary to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV, who was so fond of him that he insisted on his always being present when he received the Holy Communion. Like others who were admitted to the King's intimacy, the Turners felt his great personal charm. I remember being told how on one occasion at Court, the King, ignoring all the attempts of the fashionable ladies to attract his attention, made his way up the room to the corner where Lady Turner was sitting. He had a great liking for her ; and on this occasion, as usual, addressed her in French, on which he rather piqued himself. "Turner," said he, "est embonpoint." "Oh !" said the shrewd old lady—not so very old perhaps, then—"Tel maître, tel valet." She lived to be over ninety years of age, and was, though blind, remarkably vigorous to the end.

Charlotte, the second daughter of Sir Hilgrove Turner, married the Rev. Henry Octavius Coxe (Bodley's Librarian) towards the close of the thirties. She inherited a good deal of her mother's quaint foreign raciness and lively spirits,

¹ Sir Hilgrove Turner was afterwards Governor of Bermuda and also of the Island of Jersey.

and her daughter "Susan Esther" was a most delightful blend of both parents. She had much of her father's personal popularity, quick sympathy, and literary and artistic feeling, as well as of her mother's and grandmother's picturesque southern colouring, gaiety of heart and unconscious originality. She had an unusual gift for music, and her playing of Beethoven's sonatas was full of poetry and feeling, and the delight of men like James Mozley, Goldwin Smith, and others.

At the time I speak of, our mother received a letter from Mrs. Coxe saying that "Susie" had been laid by with an injury to her knee, and would she spare one of *her* daughters to come and pay her a visit and cheer her up? So on October 12, 1863, I was packed into the train and in due time found myself at the little rectory of Wytham, well known to all Oxford walkers and drivers. Our future sister-in-law and I fell in love with one another at first sight. The only useful thing I did, so far as I remember, was to pick the leaves of the glorious Virginia creepers which grew in the village and arrange them on the table by the invalid's sofa. We had plenty of fun. Mr. Coxe's jokes and stories, and dear Mrs. Coxe's recollections of an earlier generation of Freres, their Susie's winning ways, and the indescribable charm of the whole *ménage*, simple and unpretending as it was, made it one of the most delightful of visits. I see it is recorded in my diary a few days later that

"John" came in the evening, and I have very little doubt that—like many other sisters—I was, even at that early date, for he was only just turned of twenty, not the only attraction to Wytham Rectory. At all events, he must have felt the singular charm of the family and the home. Serious, grave, and thoughtful himself, he was always attracted by humour, fun, and cheerfulness in others; and it was perpetually bubbling over at every meal at which any of the Coxe family were present. Among their family treasures was an interesting little sketch done by Millais in his youth of Mr. Coxe's four surviving children, Willie, Charlotte ("Tatty"), Susie, and Hilgrove. William, who lived to grow up, after not doing himself full justice at Oxford, showed his undoubted and characteristic talent in the British Museum in dealing with the broken fragments of cuneiform inscriptions. He seems to have had a kind of intuition in arranging and deciphering them. Subsequently he went out to India, got ill, and died at about the age of thirty. "Tatty" died at twelve years old. Her sister often spoke of her as a child of most unusual gifts . . . a fatally rapid development, which reminded one of John Evelyn's account of his son. She is buried in the churchyard of St. Mary Magdalen, Oxford. It forms a little island between B road Street, Magdalen Street, and the west side of Balliol College, and I often think, amidst the muddy, melancholy surroundings, what a contrast that almost unnoticed

tombstone offers to the brilliant young creature whom it commemorates! Her little sister Magdalen also lies there. Hilgrove, the youngest of the group, is happily still alive.

The connection with Millais was doubtless due to the fact of his being a Jersey man.

The Coxes used to tell us that, in the picture of the "Release," the document in the woman's hand was furnished by the Turner family, and Sir Hilgrove's signature is visible in the picture. In another of Millais' pictures (the Black Brunswicker), there is a mahogany door, which our uncle, Bartle Frere, lent the artist from his house in Bedford Square.

In the course of the next few years we were frequently visitors at Wytham, or Susie and her brother Hilgrove would come to us for our little Christmas dances and other gaieties at Stanford. I may say in passing that nobody who had not seen her dance could quite realize all her charm. A picture rises before my mind's eye of her graceful, gliding, *even* movement, the rich dark hair with a red flower or coral in it, the dark eyes, too near-sighted to be conscious of admiring glances, and the look of absolute enjoyment on the face. Other recollections come before me of a big spacious room which our father had built at the top of our Stanford house, and which (by an atrociously bad pun) was called the con-sistery. How we used to sit there, perhaps making wreaths or paper decorations, and John reading Browning to us. "My last Duchess"

was one poem he read ; and I think she expressed to me some distress at its being possibly a kind of reflection on herself. The Duchess and her pleasant popular ways, etc. ! There was a good deal of Browning in the atmosphere in those days. John's friend, W. Courthope, got the Newdigate in 1865, and we went up to hear it. The subject was Shakespeare's 300th anniversary. The following year, John got the Latin Essay (Comparison of Thucydides and Tacitus), and we went up in great force for a very gay Commemoration.

CHAPTER VI

TRINITY LODGE

I MUST now return to the spring of 1866, when my sister Mary and I paid a visit with our parents to Cambridge. My father was delivering a series of sermons on the Sundays, and this led to our going for week-ends (as they would now be called) to enjoy the hospitality of some of the Cambridge colleges. The most notable of these was our visit to Trinity Lodge.

I venture to insert a few extracts from the journal I wrote at the time, trivial in some ways as it is, because it shows Dr. Whewell in a somewhat different light from that in which the world generally regarded him. Our parents do not figure very largely in it; the fact being that they had a good many other Cambridge friends, and were seeing them while the kind old Master talked nonsense to us. At this time, Lady Affleck being dead, their niece, Mrs. Stair Douglas, was keeping house for him.

February 17, 1866.—Arrived at Trinity Lodge. Found the Master and Mrs. Stair Douglas. Talked about the Queen opening

Parliament. He particularly wanted to know if she wore her robe. . . . We dressed in the Prince of Wales' room. Before dinner he (the Master) talked to me a little, standing up for the beauty of Cambridgeshire. Talked about the stained glass in Westminster Abbey. At dinner we heard him telling good stories at his end of the table. Derivations of words; *shawm* in our Prayer Book being derived from *calamus*—a reed pipe.

Sunday, 18th.—In the morning at breakfast he scolded me good-humouredly for not going to the eight o'clock chapel. "Ah, the rising generation never get up." He talked to my father about the Codex Sinaiticus, and negotiated for the sale of one of the three copies belonging to Trinity.

They spoke with regret of the loss of the old library tables which had been designed by Sir Christopher Wren. The Master said, "Whatever Wren designed was done with so much consideration and forethought, as well as elegance."¹

After breakfast he showed us his pictures, "There is Lancaster, my native town—this is (some place in the North, which I forget). I think the way in which each of these peaks is clearly defined, with its own lights and shades, is so beautiful." Went to college chapel. A beautiful bright day. St. Mary's at two. We had a long

¹ One of these tables is represented in the illustration representing "The Bishop's Study" to be found later in this book.

talk with him; first about college cooks and "the bread and butter question." I expressed my belief that chimney sweeps and beggars made their fortunes; and quoted Charles Lamb's story in *Elia*; at which he laughed at me for believing what such people said. "Of course they don't care whether it is true or not; only whether it will be amusing to you to read." Afterwards he talked of the Prince of Wales, and said it was very judicious of his father making him attend lectures. Not fond of reading, but learnt a good deal in this way. Fond of croquet,¹ but it was never allowed before twelve o'clock. "He used to come in here very quietly in the evenings, just like any one else. I put up that big looking-glass downstairs to make the room cheerful for him." Double looking-glasses. Did you ever see your profile in one? Stodare's conjuring tricks. He thought "*Pepper's Ghost*" very bald; no story attached to it. Did not believe in those Indian conjuring-tricks; all *legerdemain*! Afterwards we got to fairy tales. He said, "One of our fellows has just been writing an essay, in which he tells us there is an edition of *Jack the Giant-killer*, in which he obliges all the giants to take the pledge when he has beaten them!"

¹ The following notice belongs to this date:

"The Master requests that there may be no playing on the Bowling Green on Sunday."

"TRIN. LODGE,

"June 9, 1861."

"Address: The Fellows of the College and others on the Bowling Green."

Copied by Chris W. from the original.

“There is a good fairy tale written by Ruskin. I forget the name of it (obviously, the King of the Golden River). I don't care for Kingsley's ‘Water Babies,’ and can't make out what it is all about. No child would understand it. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to write a good fairy tale. Why, there have been only about a dozen written since the beginning of the world ; you see the same idea reproduced over and over again.”

There was a good deal of talk going on in the room about the Holy Land and Tristram's new book. By degrees it worked round to monumental sculpture, the statue of Lord Bacon which was erected by his secretary, and the improved edition of it made for Trinity College Chapel. “*Sic sedebat*” ; so he used to sit when he was turning something over in his mind. The value of sculpture which gives you the real character of the individual. Ought statues to be in the everyday dress of the time? Newton's statue here a very fine specimen—dress, an M.A. gown. “Poor Gibson was in despair at the sculpture in our chapel, which was very far from being in accordance with his classical ideas. . . That picture is of Mrs. Bentley. You know he was not celebrated for the urbanity of his manners ; she used to smooth down whatever he had ruffled, and was a great favourite. You know ladies have to do all that kind of thing.”

Afterwards we talked about Walter Scott and other novelists. “Well,” he said, “it

is astonishing how many good stories there are coming out every day! This reminds me of a book which I suppose you young ladies are not old enough to remember, Miss Austen's 'Emma.' How clever that is! There is not a single touch in it without its proper effect and expression." So we sat for some time capping Miss Austen, Emma breaking her boot lace, Frank Churchill going to have his hair cut. I think he asked me, "What was the name of Emma's governess?" to which I rejoined, "Can you tell me Mr. Knightley's Christian name?" "Ah, thereby hangs a tale! They were discussing it the other day, and Janet and I agreed that it was George. It only comes once in the book, where she says, 'I used to call you George, when I was saucy, to tease you.'"

"I have been sending two ladies in Bath a copy of 'Northanger Abbey' and 'Persuasion.' No one ought to live in Bath and not know them. But 'Emma' and 'Mansfield Park' are my favourites. What a good character Fanny Price is!"

"I have been reading Miss Yonge's 'Clever Woman of the Family,' and think it exceedingly well done. Yes, I think it quite natural that Alick Keith should have fallen in love with Rachel. Grace is really the cleverest, or rather that little governor's lady¹; she is the one who manages everybody after all.

"I do not think there is anybody like Scott. But then how few had his advantages! living

¹ Lady Temple.

at such a time and place, and with such opportunities for collecting old romances, legends and history.

"Once, for amusement, I read one of his novels ('The Antiquary,' I think) in French, supposing it would lose a great deal by translation, but it did not. What a book it is! how full of humour all the Antiquary's part is, and yet how impressive the pathetic and sublime parts! How good that simile of Scott's, comparing the storm-clouds gathering round the setting sun to 'misfortunes and disasters around the sinking empire and falling monarch.'"

[The passage referred to is in the VII Chapter of "The Antiquary" near the beginning, and is in Scott's finest descriptive vein.]

February 19.—It was perhaps on this morning that à propos of Mrs. Stair Douglas complaining of sleeplessness, I advised her to get a dull book and read herself to sleep with it. "Ah!" the Master said; "*that's* not so easy to find." Talk at breakfast about mistranslations in the Bible (or rather Prayer Book). "Did you ever see a man blow up a trumpet?" Admired the beautiful language of our Authorized Version of Isaiah. He spoke with the greatest kindness and regard of Lady John Thynne, then lying very ill.

We went to the Fitzwilliam concert in Sidney Sussex College, with him and Mrs. Stair Douglas, that evening.

I shall never forget his face when the music

was going on; part of Handel's Solomon. When he did not care for it he promptly went to sleep; when he did, it would have done any one good to look at the pleasure it expressed. We joked about the portrait of the Foundress, who, he said, always came to life when music was going on. Next day he told us he had been haunted all night by the Queen of Sheba's song:

"Blest the day when first mine eyes
Saw the wisest of the wise,
Blest the day when I was brought
To behold this favoured spot."

Before we left the concert I said, "Now, I'll ask that man if he blows up his trumpet!"

"He'd blow *you* up, if you did!"

Next day at lunch, he talked about style. Wordsworth's poetry. Some one had spoken of him as only fit for the nursery, and Frank Edgeworth (?) replied, "Well, I should be glad to go into the nursery with him." "Your uncle once told me Tom Moore told him that words of more than two syllables were not suitable to be set to music, so I suppose that my lines 'She dwelt among th' untrodden ways' would not do because of 'the difference to me.' 'The woeful change to me' had been suggested, but that was not at all the same thing."

We spoke of the "Rejected Addresses." "Why, I had no idea such little chits as you are (I don't mean Mrs. Wordsworth, of course) knew anything about them." He repeated some of the crack

passages in the parody on Crabbe—"one fiddle will," etc. He praised Mrs. Hemans very highly, her Greek Exile—perfect fitness of words to sense. When we had gone upstairs, he came to me with a beaming face, and began repeating, "My brother Jack" and then some humorous lines of Leigh Hunt's about Wordsworth and a straw. Mrs. Stair Douglas said "Why, how long it must be since you read those! Do you remember things in the same way now?" "Oh no, when one's memory is full, it runs over." Presently he came in again. "Well, you children, and when are you coming out?" He had promised to take Mary and me to see the kitchen, etc. First of all, he took us to his study, which was the picture of neatness, and which we duly complimented. The "Platonic Dialogues," I think, in their red covers, lay on the table.

By his chair there was a picture of his pet niece. He stood looking at it with his hands on my shoulders, evidently delighted in recalling her. Then into his bedroom, which looked rather cold without a fire. There was a picture of himself as a young man, and I think Ary Scheffer's, Dante and Beatrice, and Leonardo's Last Supper. "Oh, I found that there, and shall probably leave it there." There was a mysterious cupboard by the bed's head. "Well, I suppose you expect to see skeletons here, or some such thing." It turned out to be a peep-hole into the College Hall. "I always bring bright faces here. I find they act like magnets." "I suppose here in your study

you scold the undergraduates?" "Oh, I don't do much of that myself! I find it answers much better to be a mysterious kind of terror in the distance; something, they hardly know what, that they are afraid of." "I hope Chris will never come here to be scolded." "If he does, I shall show him his grandfather's portrait."

Went out with him one on each arm; first to the kitchens, where he showed us the different turtle shells that had been put up on various occasions, then to the Library. "I suppose we shall have to put Lord Macaulay up on the staircase." Showed us the busts; laughed at the ideal foreheads of fabulous size which it was thought necessary to confer on great men. We saw the MS. of Milton's "Lycidas," and "Sonnets," in the College Library. He repeated a large part of them aloud; said he liked the one "Methought I saw my late espoused saint." I said I liked the one on "Euclid and Archimedes" (to Cyriack Skinner); he went out of the library repeating it line by line, or rather, recalling it.

He offered to take us to see some other "lions"; we hoped we were not tiring him. "Oh dear no, I hope I'm not so frail as that." Went to Caius College. Laughed at the great bunch of mistletoe in the kitchen, in the middle of Lent. He observed on the curious Transitional style of the architecture. He admired the new buildings just outside; and the geometrical ornaments which Scott had been adorning them with, in

imitation of the old. "Now," he said, "you shall come and see some of my new buildings. I have been saving up money, and trying to do this for twenty years. The court will go along from there to there, you see, when it is finished. Good morning, Mr. . . . Are you the clerk of the works? We must have a hoarding put up here. The police tell me it is unsafe."

He took us to Jesus College. "This is in a French style. You see the finial carried up into the second storey; and the boldness of the crocketing. This was Coleridge's College. A man here used to tell stories of his keeping his fellow-collegians half an hour after Hall, with his interesting talk." We went into Jesus College Chapel—formerly a convent. Beautiful bright sunlight. We sat down on a bench on the organ side of the chapel, and looked at the colouring of the new windows. "Old glass," he said, "never transmits definite forms as modern glass does, to the stonework inside." "Is that to be preferred?" we asked.

"Oh, I like the old because it is old. There is a good specimen of fifteenth-century work. That is a very good style; the red colour of the faces being all given by the shadows. Looked at the windows on the other side, and tried to puzzle out the subjects; which we settled must be legendary, and refer to S. Radegunde. Noticed the curious little corner window in the cloisters, and the funny little peep-hole, in the hall, like the Trinity one, which he took care to point out to us. Portrait of Cranmer in the

hall. "He was such a favourite that they made him a Fellow in his widowed state." It was either in this or St. John's Hall that he showed us with great amusement the Latin grace on which some mischief-maker had been industriously marking false quantities in pencil over the words. We saw our uncle's portrait at St. John's, and said we supposed his stay in Cambridge was not the happiest part of his life. "No; but that was made up for afterwards when he came here to visit his brother. The joke against his rooms was that the best thing to be said for them was that they looked into Trinity." Admired St. John's new chapel, and went also into the Round Church. We walked home, and sat a little while before it was time to go: laughing over Cruikshank's fairy tales. He stood with them in his hand, and when he found I could not see, drawing up a chair that we might see it together. We were dreadfully sorry to go, and (doubtless after more respectful salutations to our elders) he gave us a kiss apiece, and a most affectionate farewell. "I am so glad to have seen you; we shall meet again," were the last words. I wonder if we ever shall. [Alas, we never did! He did not live a fortnight after this, as he shortly had a fall from his horse, the effects of which proved fatal.]

I do not think one could have seen a more honest, simple, unaffected, and in his way tender and considerate person. He had deeply felt the death of his wife, Lady Affleck, and we were

told our visit was almost the first bit of cheerfulness that had come to the house since this sad trouble.

Two well-worn copies of double acrostics on the table were a memorial of many long evenings when they thus beguiled the time together.

I liked his reading : it was so earnest and unaffected, especially in reading poetry or the Bible. Everything about him had that freedom from affectation which, when joined with real goodness of heart, is most attractive. If he had been seven instead of seventy, he could not have had more naïveté about him. It is sad to think such vigour of mind and body may be taken away in a few moments ! Every one in Cambridge seems to feel the accident of Saturday (Feb. 24) as if it had been to a personal friend, and every one had something affectionate to say of him.

He died on March 6, 1866 ; barely a fortnight after our parting with him.

The following lines, written at the time, give very inadequate expression to the feelings then evoked :

TWO SUNDAY EVENINGS

February 18, 1866.

Bright shone the lights on roof and wall,
On portraits old and mirrors gay,
And well-filled shelves, yet most of all
It seemed as if they loved to play
In radiance on the silver hair
Of one, the central figure there.

If time on him a hand had laid,
 It was to soften, not to break;
 If grief had o'er him cast a shade,
 It only made the sunbeams wake
 More brightly; as the dewy spark
 On velvet pansies rich and dark.

Young in old age! upright and strong,
 In manly vigour undecayed,
 He who had flown on wings of song,
 And sternest facts of science weigh'd,
 Was simple as a child, for whom
 Earth's fruit has still its downy bloom.

Bright twinkling eyes, and buoyant wits,
 And light and mirthful repartee,
 And unpremeditated fits
 Of ready laughter, full and free,
 Ye may be told; but how express
 His unaffected tenderness?

The fervour of an honest heart,
 The speaking face that ne'er could feign,
 The soul that scorned each petty art,
 And then, then only felt disdain;
 The clear strong brain that ever sought
 For Truth with fixed unwearying thought,

Such—mind and body—seemed he then,
 So well-proportioned to our sight
 That (though gigantic among men)
 We knew, but scarcely felt his height.
 For such, how could we but presage
 Long years of health, a green old age!

Glimpses of the Past

February 25, 1866.

TRINITY COLLEGE CHAPEL

One by one, they pass, this Sunday night
 Through yonder entry, in their robes of white,
 Those young and fervent spirits! as they go
 They seem like softly falling flakes of snow,
 Each settling to his place with motion slow.
 We listen to each footstep, and we mark
 Each movement glimmering through the archway
 dark,

And know we may not see (yet half expect)
 That stately figure, massive and erect,
 That grand colossal head, and face serene,
 Glide to its place behind the crimson screen,
 The strenuous hands in prayerful calm composed
 On yon thick volume, dusty now, and closed.

.

He cannot join with us, this Sunday even;
 Yet not the less our prayers may mount to Heaven
 Fraught with his name, unspoken by the tongue,
 Yet present to the hearts of old and young.

.

'Tis over now, and through the moonlight air
 Silent we pace along the ample square;
 By yonder doorway stand for moments brief,
 Dark with th' heraldic¹ blazonry of grief;
 The starlike windows glimmer overhead,
 With soft, still light around the sick man's bed.

How hushed, how mournful now! What changes can
 One fleeting moment bring to mortal man!
 Ah, could we now behold him, should we know
 The brave, bright spirit of a week ago

¹ The hatchment in memory of Lady Affleck, still on the wall.

In that half-conscious sufferer, helpless laid,
Wounded and stunned, beneath the curtain shade?

How will it end? God only knows, Who gives
To every one the breath whereby he lives;
Who sends both health and sickness, in Whose eyes
The strong are often weak, the foolish wise.
To Him we leave the issue, as we turn,
Sighing, from where those lights of watching burn,
And cross the fountain court with saddened cheer
Hovering 'twixt Past and Future, Hope and Fear.

CHAPTER VII

JOURNAL AT BERLIN, JULY 1867

IN the summer of the following year, 1867, I paid a very interesting visit to Berlin with my brother John. He had undertaken to write the Life of the Emperor Julian (and others) for Smith's Dictionary of Biography, and part of his object was to consult authorities to be found there. It was such an interesting time that I give the fragment of journal pretty much as it stands.

These recollections of Berlin are nearly half a century old, but may perhaps interest some who only know the Berlin of to-day, with its new public buildings, its electric trams, its taxi-cabs, and its modern, thoroughly up-to-date character, its increased size and wonderful development, if in no other way, yet by force of contrast.

We started from London in the evening of Friday, July 5, 1867, and arrived at Berlin, after spending Sunday at Aix-la-Chapelle, on the following Tuesday. Passed Monday night in the railway-carriage. I forget at which station it was that, when we stopped, we heard some charming part music without any accompaniment; it

sounded like men's voices only, and we wondered if it was intended as a compliment to any great man travelling by our train. It seemed to begin and end just as we came and went—but it was too dark to see. A more complete transition from poetry to prose than that night effected, it would be impossible to imagine. Fancy a grey, dull morning; country as flat as possible, and of one dull, unvaried green; trees, evidently planted; foreground of potato gardens. There were plenty both of birch and firs, but when one tried to analyse what it was that gave it that peculiarly artificial look, it seemed to be the absence of all those careless, graceful, wild growths that give such a charm to an English wood. I looked in vain for honeysuckle, briony, nightshade (of which last, by the way, we had seen some in the crevices of the window-sills of Cologne Cathedral). Altogether, it was quite curious to see a collection of trees so devoid of everything that usually makes a wood one of the most attractive places in the world. You could not have fancied Red Riding-hood there by any stretch of imagination.

Passed Potsdam, with its dome and lakes; entered Berlin about 7 a.m. We are here in the Victoria Strasse “Unter den Linden”—half Bird-cage Walk, half Regent Street. About five minutes' walk from our hotel is the bronze statue of Frederick the Great, on horseback; and, near it, the University and other public buildings; all is in the classical (or would-be classical) style, and has nothing national about it; you

may see the same thing in London, Paris, or any other European city of the same pretensions ; in fact, Berlin is thoroughly modern. I must do it the justice to say that, so far as we have seen, it makes up by order and cleanliness for the lack of the picturesque.

Yesterday, Wednesday the 10th, we called on Professor A. Weber.¹ He was out, but his wife gave us a most good-natured reception. I could not help contrasting their very simple suite of rooms on the second floor with the smart drawing-rooms of most Oxford and Cambridge ladies. No carpets, no cabinets of curiosities, statuettes, etc., etc. ; a few pictures on the walls, and everything in the most unpretending style. On the other hand, it was far easier to get rid of one's shyness there than it would have been if we had been marched upstairs by a magnificent footman, and had to sit on an alarmingly splendid ottoman opposite a lady all brooches, bracelets and *moiré antique* ; and we were very grateful for the real good breeding, which was so ready to take trouble and spare time for such utter strangers as ourselves. Nothing, however, could be settled without the Herr Professor, so we were to call again the next day. In the evening we went to the Victoria Theatre—drove across the Spree, a second-rate, but well-kept little river. Got in just at the close of the first performance : “ *Feuer in einer Mädchen schule,*” “ *Fire in a Girls' School.*” Heroine in blue, with

¹The great philologist.

her hair in two long braids down to her waist, just like all other young ladies on the stage, minus a good deal of the grace and beauty which one occasionally sees, even in a second-rate actress at home. The magic word "heirathen"¹ (marriage) seemed to be the keynote of the whole performance; and the usual amount of embracing, handing about, and gesticulation went on between the heroine, her father, and bridegroom elect. Another unfortunate gentleman seemed to be left without any lady to take pity on him, so far as we could make out. After it was over, everybody turned out into the garden and promenaded about. Beer and ices were of course obtainable, and there was a billiard table in a sort of verandah. Most of the people looked quite middle class, and very happy in a quiet way. I am not, so far, struck by the good looks of the Germans, and there seems to be a lack of feeling for combination of colour, and taste in dress among the women, of the lower orders at least. However, this is more than made up for by the kindly good humour and simplicity, which seem, likewise, a rule almost without exception. The never being in a hurry makes a wonderful difference. Really, in London it seems often as if people had no time to be considerate of others. But to return to the Theatre—the next piece was "Die Widerspänstige," a translation much curtailed of the "Taming of the Shrew."

¹ I have preserved the old spelling in this and other words, as the change had not been adopted at this date.

Petruchio was excellent—the other actors much about the average—Catharina also looked and acted her part well, whether defiant in a black bodice and pink skirt—starved and tired to death in black velvet—or reformed and giving good advice to her sister in a blue gown and pearl net. We did not hear very well—one of the best scenes is when Lucenzio's real father encounters the sham one, and is refused admittance into his son's house. Both old gentlemen are, of course, in black velvet, and looked ridiculously alike, and I must say I felt for the sham father, as the balcony on which he had to stand partook of the insecurity of all stage architecture in an unusual degree, and it was rather a relief when he was safe down again.

This morning (Thursday), at breakfast we had a long conversation with the master of the hotel, who seemed to have a turn for philology, and wanted to talk Latin with us. As usual, he was puzzled how to pronounce our unfortunate name and could not get much beyond "worse—worse," which, I am afraid I did not make matters clearer by informing him, meant "Schlechter und Schlechter."

John told him it was a very well-known name, and that there was a poet so called, on which he said: "Ah! I know *you* are a poet." How he knew it was impossible to say, unless he studied a Double Acrostic which J. had written on the back of his passport to beguile the weary way

from Cologne. He was very indignant at being told that the actors last night pronounced "ich" like "ish"—which perhaps might be accounted for by some of them coming from Vienna.

Friday, 12th.—Got into our new rooms (Frau Hérold's), 171 Friedrich's Strasse.

Saturday, 13th.—We paid visits to Professor Dorner and Professor Lepsius. The former gave John some instructions as to the use of his hat, which, it seems, it is not etiquette to put on the floor, as in England, but on the table, or some other conspicuous place. He advised us, by way of learning the language, to go and hear some sermons, and described the Moravian Liturgy to us, and there was some talk about our Prayer Book which he seemed to admire, but said that in Germany, they would not like having two or three services at once in that way. He, like Herr Weber, appeared to have very pleasant recollections of Oxford.

We found Professor Lepsius (the Egyptologist) at home with his clever, amiable looking wife and daughter. They were sitting in a sort of quasi-Gothic verandah, overgrown with aristo-lochia, or, as it is called in Germany, Pfeif Kraut. They wanted to know if we had read Pugin. We strolled about the garden, and he showed us a little cedar which he had brought from England, observing that now there were more cedars there than in Lebanon itself. There was a shady corner of the garden which the ladies called the "poetical," or "philosophical" walk ;

evidently they took great pleasure in being out of doors. We came away with a handful of beautiful roses which the Professor was kind enough to gather for us, and which still makes our room look more homelike than it had previously done.

Sunday, 14th.—To-day we went with Professor Dorner and his wife to the Moravian church—rows of benches in front of a sort of tribune for the preacher; benches, etc., painted white. Men on the one side, women on the other. As Madame Dorner said, it is much frequented by the Berlin “herrschaft,” but the “Sisters” *proper* had white net caps, with blue trimmings if married, and red or pink if single. They do not kneel; the prayers, I think, were standing and the singing, seated. Imagine the Litany *read* by a fat, florid, elderly man in a black coat, and intersected by an occasional stave of chanting, or a verse of a German hymn. The Litany was not unlike our own, there was the same kind of invocation, and a passage analogous to that in which our Lord’s incarnation, birth, sufferings, etc., are made the subject of petition. There was a good deal of Intercessory Prayer, the desire of unity being, if I am not mistaken, especially brought forward. I did not hear it on this occasion, but in the book was an order for special mention of the latest baptized child in the congregation. There were also prayers for the Royal Family. Then came a hymn to the fine chorale which Mendelssohn has adopted and

which we are familiar with, to the words "To God on high be thanks and praise." Each *line* had a few notes on the organ played after it, and when the end of the second verse came, in which mention was made of the glory of our Lord, all the congregation rose and stood until the text had been given out, which was on the question of the scribe, "What good thing shall I do, . . . ?" The preacher had a distinct voice and his manner of raising it from time to time, together with a somewhat vehement action, reminded one of an English Dissenter.

It was not difficult to follow his sermon. The presumption of the lawyer in thinking that eternal life was to be obtained as a right, "erwerben." Love, "the fulfilling of the law"—impossibility of acting up to it, save by Divine grace—and union with God; this last topic was urged with great force of language and manner, and it was listened to with great attention by all the congregation, whose behaviour struck me as peculiarly reverent, without undue demonstrativeness. Then came the last verse of the hymn and the benediction. Every one dropped a small coin into a kind of metal jug as they left the church. It was like seeing the two poles of Christianity, to contrast this Sunday's service with that we were present at, a week ago, in the Cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle. There, was everything which the most æsthetic mind could desire—antiquity, history, colour, music, and rich ornament. Here, a few wooden benches, and some

fine simple chanting, and an extempore sermon. (In neither was there any reading of Scripture, which seems a privilege almost entirely our own.) In both cases one could not help feeling that the devotion was real. I cannot recall a face in either congregation but seemed to bear the outward signs of it, and wish we could say as much for ourselves. Is it not possible, however, that the greater length of our English service may have something to do with this?

Later in the day strolled in the Thiergarten and Unter den Linden. All Berlin out holiday-making, Droshkies in full work, young men and girls walking arm-in-arm, which they do here in a way that one does not see elsewhere. Why do the latter generally carry their shawls on the other arm, instead of over their shoulders? Passed under the Brandenburg Gate with its fine bronze group. The bronze work is by far the best feature in the Prussian out-of-door art. Looked into the University to see about lectures to-morrow for John's benefit. Each faculty has a notice board or two to itself, and each professor sticks his private half-sheet of notepaper on it, with subject, hours, and number of lecture room, all in Latin.

There is a ground plan of the interior of the University to enable students to find their way from one room to another.

Wednesday, 17th.—Went to Musée with Madame Weber. The interior is full of frescoes. A room, for instance, which has casts of the Elgin

marbles, etc., is adorned with Grecian, Lycian, and Syracusan views—over one door you see a quotation from Sophocles, and over another one from Æschylus (in German). A fine circular room, the whole height of the building, has *real* antique statues around its lower half—and above, a gallery, the walls of which exhibit the tapestry of Raffael's cartoons, including two which we have not in England. But *the* gem of the gallery (exclusive of the Egyptian curiosities which we have not seen) is that part which contains Roger V. d. Weyden and Van Eyck. I omit the rest of this description, as such things can be found in any guide-book.

Saturday, July 20.—I add another word to tell you about our party last night, which as our first introduction to German society was rather amusing. It was at Professor Lepsius'. We went about half-past eight, and found him, his wife, and daughter, with two or three other gentlemen. The party increased to about half a dozen, and one lady afterwards. Among them were a Mr. George de Bunsen, a son of the Chevalier, who remembered William Wordsworth¹ at Bonn, and talked English with great fluency—and a very pleasant M. Monod, nephew, I believe, of the preacher, who also talked English very well. He is writing a history of Florence, and made great friends with John. Miss L. showed me a quantity of photographs—the gentlemen talked—and so we went on till

¹ Afterwards Principal of Elphinstone College, Bombay.

supper time. I had the honour of sitting next to the master of the house, who was very amiable and offered me all the delicacies of the season—salad, ham (oh ! so salt), cherries, rye bread, and white bread, etc. Afterwards John and I walked home through the Thiergarten with M. Monod and another delightful old gentleman, who fell to my share—I could not catch his name, so will call him “the Ambassador,” for he seemed to have been everywhere, and to know everybody and everything in the most marvellous way. He had been (at Heidelberg, I think) at the betrothal of the Princess of Wales—knew exactly what sort of caps the Queen wore, and the precise date at which Otto I. paid a visit to Charlemagne’s grave—told me a good deal about the Wendish tribes, who were aborigines, I suppose, here, and seem to have been also in England ; also ever so much about early Welsh and Breton history—legends about Frederick Barbarossa, and how he had been confounded with the god Thor—gave a short account of Lola Montes ; and, in fact, seemed to have every subject under the sun at his fingers’ ends. Altogether we had a most amusing evening.

Saturday, 20th.—Went with Professor Weber to an Akademische Lieder-Tafel in Krug’s Garten ; this is on the Potsdam side of the city and a good distance. We went part way by an omnibus, which he said had only been introduced during the last seven or eight years. The students sang in a kind of portico ; their friends

sat at little tables in the garden, sipping Bairisch Bier, and applauding ; so far as I could judge it was very well done—the effect of unaccompanied men's voices in the open air, if they sing well together, is always particularly good. Of course we lost something in not knowing the words. We were introduced to Herr Kiepert, the geographical professor,¹ and his wife and daughter, who, having learnt English at school, was very kindly set to talk to me. The Vicar of Wakefield seemed to have been her principal English study, and I think Cooper's novels. Germans appear to find English easier than French, and I should say it was quite as much studied here, and better pronounced perhaps.

Sunday, 21st.—To English church at eleven, Monbijou. In the evening to the Dom Kirche, a large building after the classical style, but with a fine alabaster altar, on which were a Crucifix, a Bible, and two lighted candles. Behind it a picture, which I thought second-rate, of the Descent of the Holy Ghost. The altar rails were supported by twelve figures, apostles, I suppose. When we came in the congregation were seated, singing to Martin Luther's tune some verses of another hymn which I have no very distinct recollection of, but a general impression that nearly all German hymns are of a subjective and "evangelical" character ; perhaps the doctrine of "conversion" is that

¹ Whose maps were afterwards made much use of in the Franco-Prussian war.

brought most prominently forward. The Hof Prediger Hengstenberg¹ preached in gown and bands—an old white-haired man with a serious demeanour and good delivery. His extempore sermon was rather too long, but had many interesting points in it. After the sermon, the Nunc Dimittis (in German) was exquisitely chanted. I ought not to omit saying that the sermon was closed by the preacher's saying the Vaterunser, and the three-fold benediction from the Book of Numbers, in pronouncing which I think I observed some slight movement of the hands. The service gave me the impression that there might be here (as in Scotland) some desire to depart from the coldness of ultra-Protestant worship—certainly there was much that was very gratifying in the service—and here again the behaviour of the people was remarkably devout and attentive.

Monday, 22nd.—Called on Madame Lepsius. A pretty table set out with flowers, photographs, and needlework, announced that there had been a birthday in the family, the eldest daughter's.

Talked a little with Madame L. about the state of the poor. She says there are a great many in some parts of the town, but the houses, being decent outside, give no idea to a stranger of the distress within. Later we called on Professor Hübner and sat some time in a pretty little balcony in the new and very magnificent

¹ I leave this name as it is written, but cannot guarantee its accuracy.

house of which they occupy one of the upper floors. M. Meyer, whom we met last Friday and whom I called the Ambassador is reader to the Queen of Prussia, and was formerly with the de Bunsens, and then with the Prince Consort. He seems to be a sort of news-provider also to the King, and goes about collecting information, though, as Madame Lepsius observed, his "fantaisie" was rather vivid, and perhaps led him occasionally to colour things more highly than they deserved. He had mentioned having formerly met our great uncle and Mr. Crabb Robinson in Italy, and having some autograph lines from him which he valued very much. He is also an occasional poet, and as Professor Hübner said, generally celebrates any public event by some lines in the newspapers. I asked about the Queen of Prussia, who seems to be a very poetical person, which our friend accounted for by her being "aus Weimar," Goethe's abode and of course, infectious. The Crown Princess they described as being a clever woman, but with too many English ideas to be exactly popular, one being a passion for Gothic architecture. Professor Weber, however, says she is popular, but not at Court so much as elsewhere. There has long been a plan of building a grand Dom Kirche here, and various designs have been submitted for it, one with a dome two or three feet bigger (in diameter I suppose) than S. Peter's! which, Professor H. observed "no Protestant preacher could be audible in." The

Crown Princess is very anxious it should be Gothic—but, poor thing, she is evidently not in accordance with the age in that respect. In the evening, to Kroll's Theater, a charming garden with fountains, lamps (and "restauration" of course).

Thursday, July 25.—Called on Professor and Madame Kiepert, who, with their daughter and Prof. Plötz and his son, were sitting in an arbour over their coffee, and gave us a very hospitable welcome. Madame K. had her "strick-zeug" (her knitting), which was so indispensable that she was even photographed with it. I made them laugh by telling them that in England we accused German ladies of taking their knitting to church with them. John says he was introduced to some ten people at the library as the grand-nephew of the Grosse Dichter and son of the W. who wrote about Pompeii. To-day it was a little varied, the Grosse Dichter being designated as "Byron's friend," to our great amusement. Miss Kiepert wanted to know if it was my father who had been at Athens, which I suppose had more interest for her father, as Professor of Geography. There was a good deal of desultory talk;—fears of a war with France—"carte-de-visite" books—enthusiastic praise of Thuringia from Madame K., who says, the North Germans are too cold, the South Germans too rough, and the Thuringians just right. I suppose it is thence that she gets her bright eyes, and clear brunette complexion, and lively manners, which

are not those of the ordinary German. Saw the Professor's den, a very snug room with plenty of maps beautifully arranged in broad shallow drawers, portraits of Ritter and other literary friends. The ladies had a drawing-room with two work-tables, and what they appeared to think a very English or American feature—a rocking chair.

Friday, 26th.—A tremendous thunderstorm this afternoon. Watched from 1,500 to 2,000 soldiers march past our window this morning laden with heavy knapsacks (tornister). À propos of soldiers, I must mention a curious thing Mr. Monod told us the other day—Before 1848, it had been usual to address servants as *Du*; at that time it was enacted that everybody in the army should be called "*Sie*," and as all Prussians serve or may have to serve as soldiers, it became necessary to drop the *Du*, and address all your inferiors as "*Sie*." From whence he argued that Germany is an essentially aristocratic country—a State enactment being necessary to bring about such a change.

"In France," he said, "we should never think of addressing our servants as '*tu*,' we are too democratic." His idea that England was an aristocratic country was illustrated in a way that amused us—the dislike evinced by the eldest daughter of a family to getting a letter addressed "*Miss Jane*" or "*Miss Caroline*"—it was evident the "*droit d'ainesse*" was still much regarded in such a country. English young ladies, according

to him, would be charming if they did not ask so many questions. Two delightful young ladies whom he had met abroad seem quite to have dispelled the illusion by asking perpetually—"Do you like this?" "Do you do that?" and finally, "Are you fond of guessing ages?" a question to which, after some perplexity, he replied that everybody was for him the age they appeared. Another unpleasant English peculiarity seems to have been the laughing at very small jokes. This brought on a conversation about the French faculty of making anything out of nothing, and he described amusingly, the aplomb with which at College a young man will prolong a dissertation for half an hour (the regular given time) on a passage in some author which he has barely read through, and really make it sound very clever. The circumstances under which a nervous Englishman, however well prepared, would probably appear at his very worst, seem to galvanize a Frenchman into a kind of unnatural excitement and bring the same rapid succession of ideas to the mind that people describe as coming before them when drowning.

However, many suffer seriously in health from this strain upon their faculties. A German has one study, and works at it, and at nothing else; these Professors seem to give themselves up to their *spécialité*, whatever it may be, and do not understand being asked questions about any other department; the French students, in the "Normal," according to M. Monod, never heard

a subject alluded to without immediately trying to find out all about it. Had tea at Professor Weber's—it seems to be always *la belle conversation* here, and nothing else. You sit on a sofa and sew up a seam (if you like), and where you are placed, there you stay till it is time to go in to supper. The company were nearly all under thirty; why did they not play games or sing rounds? Not but what we had a very pleasant lively evening. About ten, the master of the house comes and offers you his arm, conducts you to the head of the table and places himself at one side. When you leave the room again, he makes you a bow and says, “Gesegnete Digestion,” or some other little formula, *à la* Lady Macbeth. We had some amusing talk—superstitions—going from a wedding, the bride's carriage must never turn round; they throw old china, instead of old shoes; horseshoes are considered lucky, as with us, we had one at our own door at Frau Hérold's. Tailors are so despised that it is said, “only when two people say the same thing at once can a tailor go to Heaven.” If you see a funeral you must bend your thumb inwards to keep off death. A propos of Hans Sachs, I got the German equivalent of a proverb “Schuster, bleib' bei deinem Leisten” (The cobbler must stick to his last). Professor Weber showed me a Sanscrit book, in which were the originals of our fairy tales.

After that, they talked about Livingstone and Africa, and seemed quite *au fait* in our English

news. I fancy they know a great deal more about England than we do about Germany, politically at least.

Finally, the Professor had recourse to his bookshelves again, in great excitement at my saying I always thought the Germans of the Middle Ages must have rivalled the Italians—inasmuch as their word for poison was *gift*. A dictionary was pulled out to prove that it had no connection with “geben,” but with “gischt” = yeast, I suppose something that is fermented. However, at last the table broke up, and we walked home by starlight. N.B.—Berlin has one advantage, its sunrises, sunsets, and skies are magnificent.

Sunday, 28th.—Paid a visit to Madame Hübner and her pretty little boy, also to Professor Lepsius. Found him and his family and guests playing in the garden at Boccia, a sort of Italian bowls, which seemed to interest them all very much. A good many young people came in while we were there, and the Professor, in his blue and white cotton or jean suit and black felt hat, seemed to enjoy his game as much as anybody.

In the evening, went to Professor Dorner’s—sat round his table, or rather at the head of it (which is the very un-English fashion of doing honour to a lady-guest) between two and three hours, I fancy. Had a pleasant neighbour, a Herr Dr. Messner, editor of the “*Neue Evangelische Kirche*,” who said he had been in Scotland,

but declines talking English. Talked a little about our Church affairs—Newman, Keble, etc. I asked if they had any book like the “Christian Year.” He said, “No”: the religious poetry of the country was of a less intellectual cast; the great poets such as Schiller and Goethe, had been not perhaps antagonistic to, but had held aloof from, religion. Now, there seems to be no great name in that department; there was more opposition, but more attachment, to the Faith than formerly—more religious life and activity. I said the church hymns had struck me as much more frequent in their appeals to the feeling than to the intellect, and asked if the same was the case with the sermons, which he did not deny, but endeavoured to defend, by saying that in every congregation there were many uneducated persons. Asked if they had any *common* hymnbook. No; but if Germany were united, it was “hoffentlich” that one might be compiled and universally used. The *preachers* have a “Gebet-buch,” but I *think* he said this was also different in different places.

Professor Dorner was very kind; he has a particularly amiable manner, and there was a good deal of chat about various everyday matters, interspersed with long paragraphs (so to speak) of theology and philosophy, which flowed over one’s ears like an enormous stream which flows over a little cup which is filled directly and can hold no more. He mentioned that he had seen a notice of the new book by our Queen.

Thursday, August 1.—Went in the evening to tea with Madame Kiepert. She gets up every day at 5 a.m. Miss Kiepert sang very nicely from Schubert. Her brother will have to go into the army next year. Every one at a certain age is obliged to serve, the common soldiers longer than the “volunteers” as they are called, who, however, have to find themselves in everything at first. French war expected and much dreaded by mothers.

Saturday, 3rd.—John went to the University,¹ where there was a commemoration of the late King and founder. Professors go in their robes—different colours according to their faculties, which are four: Theology, Medicine, Law, and Philosophy, this last including Natural Science, Philology, etc.; its votaries were dressed in blue. There was a psalm sung without accompaniment, then a speech by Langenbeck in German, supposed to be an *éloge* of the late King, but as that had become stale, his speech was chiefly on medicine. He was a celebrated surgeon and had been out in the late war. The prizes were announced, and a hymn concluded the ceremony.

Monday, 5th.—Went with Madame Lepsius and Mr. Berger, a young French Protestant preparing (I suppose) for orders, to the Johannis Stift, founded by Dr. Wichern (also founder of the Rauhehaus, Hamburg), and consisting of a sort of lay brotherhood, under the direction of several clergy—especially the Pastor—who devote

¹ At this time he was going to two or three lectures a day.

themselves to good works in schools and prisons. On the road I had some pleasant talk with her; she seems quite a specimen of what a really good, earnest woman may be and do in Germany.

I asked about the divisions between the churches. She said the coalition was made at the time when people were very indifferent to religion; *now* they seem only partially satisfied with it—for her part she thought divisions were not so bad, people *must* differ when they were so differently constituted, and so long as they were essentially Christians, it did not much signify. The Brother who showed us round one of the homes had a bookcase containing, so far as I could see at a glance, Tasso, Goethe, Tholuck, Tischendorf's New Testament, and other works. In one room was a frame with a text for the seventh Sonntag nach Trinitatis. I believe they have one for every Sunday; this originated at Hamburg. They do not have much in the way of colour, or illuminated texts or pictures—there were prints of the founder, and I think some photographs, etc.—but nothing bright. In fact, the sense of colour is dormant among the North Germans. On the whole we came away very much pleased with what we had seen.¹ I forgot to mention that the Düppel Schanze, in which the boys were, was founded by the King in recognition of the services of the Brothers among the wounded at Düppel in the

¹ I regret that space does not allow me to insert a detailed description of these excellent homes.

late Schleswig-Holstein war. Some of the children were soldiers' orphans.

Speaking of Dr. Wichern, Mr. de Bunsen afterwards told us that he himself was far more interesting than any of his works, and that the way in which he began at Hamburg, when a young man, still living with his mother, with only two children, the lowest of the low, was most instructive. As a first step, he said to his *protégés*, "Well, you know we must all work—now suppose you begin by knocking down the enclosures," by way of showing them that his system was to be in no respect one of constraint. As his labours increased, he hired a gardener to help him, and the institute gradually developed itself.

Visited, with Mr. and Mrs. de Bunsen, the garden of the Acclimatization Society—as he said, "a small beginning which might do greater things in time." There were a number of little beds of beans, flax, maize, tomatoes, oats, potatoes (some of these perfectly black) and other vegetables brought from all parts of the world, which the Society is anxious to get into common use. Considering the soil was nothing but sand, the condition of the plants was wonderful.

Mr. B. spoke of the late Mr. Philip Pusey, and said that it was quite remarkable, in perusing his father's letters, to see the esteem and affection with which he spoke of him. He sent kind messages to the family.

Wednesday, 7th.—We called on Professor Dorner, with whom we had some interesting talk. He seemed much pleased with our father's Commentary on the Book of Job, which we gave him. Talked a good deal of his reminiscences of England, and Dr. Pusey, whom he admired, though he did not agree with him; and of their discussions in the garden at Christ Church, Oxford, many years ago. He did not like Newman—whom he saw at the same time—so well—he seemed to think more of external Church authority and less of the inner spiritual life. He had not then become a Romanist. They in Germany had parties of the same kind; on one side those who maintained the necessity of good works and the authority of the Church; on the other those who upheld justification by Faith and the paramount importance of the Bible. "Ritualism" does not seem to trouble them so much.

"The difference between the two races," we understood him to say, "is that in Germany *we* always want to go to the foundation of everything," meaning perhaps that they were indifferent to mere externals of Divine service. Their laity are represented synodically—every parish sends one with the clergyman—the head of the Ober Kirchen Rath is a layman. Ecclesiastical patronage is sometimes in the hands of magistrates or individuals—sometimes, as in places on the Rhine, a matter of parochial election. Some congregations will send a

distance of one hundred stunden to various churches to hear preachers (unknown to themselves) and he who is best reported of is chosen. In such cases, there seems to be no feeling of servility on the part of the clergy, even though their houses may be furnished for them. No one knows who the benevolent members of the congregation are who do it. We were really sorry to say farewell to this very kind and excellent man, and should have been glad to have opportunities of seeing more of him. Madame Dorner had already left town, so we had no opportunity of thanking her.

Saturday, 10th.—Breakfast with de Bunsens in Regenten Strasse. “Bertha,” aged four or five, “birthday in two or five days,” took us to the Kindergarten—a pretty, new building, about thirty-five children; schoolmistress giving a lecture on the History of Joseph, reciting it very slowly, then going back and asking questions about Jacob and his ladder: How did he come there? It was in the open field. One little thing said, “Auf der Eisenbahn” (railway); on which it was explained that he had “gewandelt.” By a rather free translation of “giving the tenth,” Jacob’s vow, he was said to have distributed it among the poor. “What do you call such a man?” “Wohlthätig.” Then they sang some action-songs, some of the children repeating the words first, Bertha much more distinct than any of the rest. But *the* moment was when the Fräulein produced some wooden

platters and served out rations of clay upon them, telling the children to model a great kanon-kugel, and a little flint-kugel at the side of it ; afterwards followed by birds in their nests, and all manner of fancy productions. There was far less of the *automaton* work than in an English model infant school.

TO MY MOTHER

“Without being at all blind to the faults of German Protestantism, I must say I have been delighted to see the good there is here, in individuals at least. I suspect, though, that *practical* goodness is the main thing. The sermons we have heard do not soar very high, and, as Professor Hübner said, theology is not such a matter of general interest as with us. He seemed surprised at the space taken up by such discussions in English newspapers. We had tea there last night. He is really a wonderful man. At the age of (say forty, at most) he has collected an enormous mass of Roman inscriptions in Spain, Italy, and England, and written dissertations on them in Latin ; this, as he says, is only by-play—the proof-sheets fill a folio volume. He edits a philological journal, gives lectures, sees an endless number of students at his own house, besides various odds and ends of literary work, attendance at scientific meetings, etc. John has been at the museum, copying coins of Constantine.”

Sunday.—To English church. In the evening with the Lepsius. We gave the "Holy Year" to Madame L. and sang some of the tunes. She showed us a prayer-book which they have. I believe the gospels and epistles are the only things they are obliged to read in every church, and they are arranged, as with us, for the Christian seasons. I should like to have had more time to look at them, as I think they would be found to go over much the same ground as our own. The burial and marriage services are extempore; except that, I was told, some questions are always asked at a wedding. The Professor had a book full of English chants, etc., many of which he had copied himself; he seems very fond of an English cathedral service. They invited us to tea, and he showed us their egg-cups, with their names on them in hieroglyphics, which he spelt out to us. In the same sentence the word will be found twice, once ideographically—that is, represented by the picture of the thing—and also spelt in letters. I believe, when he and Madame Lepsius were engaged, they used to correspond in hieroglyphics. He and John had a good deal of talk about Oxford, and he recommended him a book of history.

The Professor and his wife showed us the upper rooms in their house, which he prides himself on thinking is arranged like a collegiate residence in England. They have quite an interesting little museum: an original portrait of Schiller—a more

mobile and delicately featured, than strong and massive countenance ; one of Champollion ; also a beautiful little Virgin and Child by Lucas Cranach. Eastern curiosities : Head of Rameses the Second ; “the Pharaoh who persecuted the young children of Israel”—one of the best works of Egyptian art. He remarked that as our Lord came in the Augustan age, so Moses in the “Augustan” age of Egypt. The bricks are still to be found—he had brought home one—from Rameses, the city the Israelites were employed in building, the straw mixed with them. “And here,” he said, leading the way to an open balcony and pointing to the moon, “is something which I also used to see very often in Egypt!” By the light of which moon we soon afterwards walked home, regretting very much that our pleasant intercourse with them had come to an end for the present.

On our way home we visited Dresden, Prague, the Salzkammergut, Munich and Rotterdam, from which last place we returned, I remember, early on Sunday, September 8, in such a state of poverty that we had barely enough money to take us to Westminster, and when at Rotterdam had to sustain nature on bread and yellow Dutch cheese, for we could not afford a *table d'hôte* meal!

CHAPTER VIII

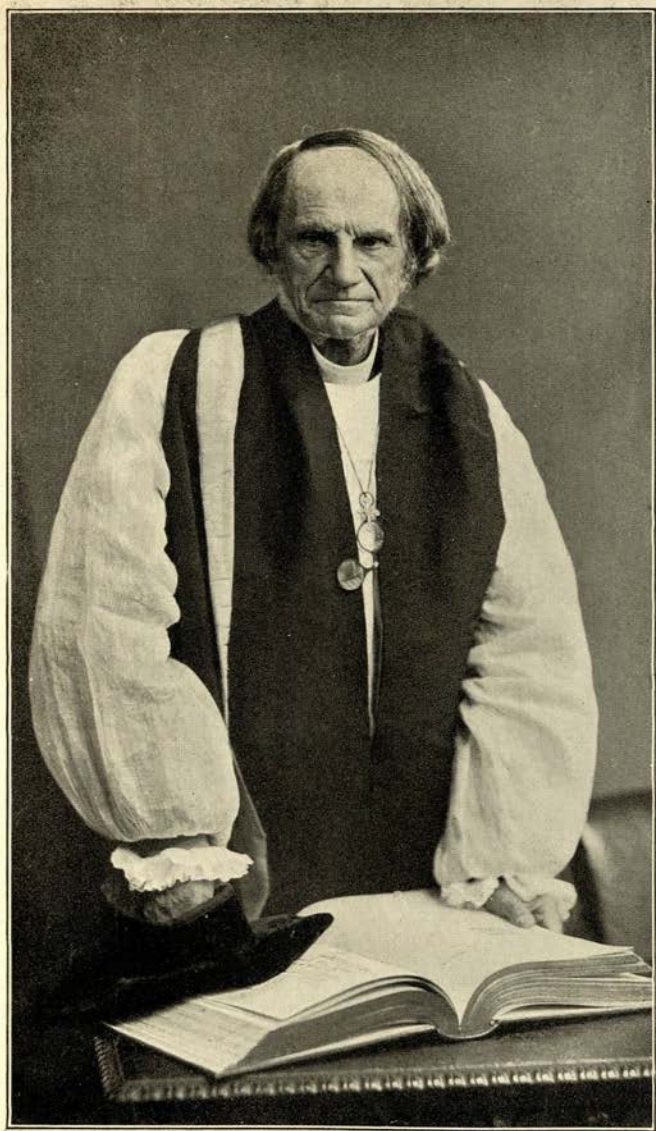
1867

WELLINGTON COLLEGE

ON December 22nd of this year our brother John was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Wilberforce. It was not long after this that we began to feel great anxiety about our dear aunt, Miss Frere, who had a very serious illness, and ultimately became a helpless cripple from rheumatism. Her patience and resignation were most touching. She lingered on till the year 1878, when she died just after entering her seventy-first year—of this, more may be said hereafter.

Perhaps a good idea of our life in those days may be gathered from an extract from my diary, when on a visit with my father, mother, and sister, to our old friend Miss Watson, at Langton Green, in the November of 1868.

Saturday, 7th.—In the afternoon to Langton. Lovely autumn scenery. Very cold, but a most kind welcome on our arrival. There was a letter from Mrs. Selwyn, describing the wreck of their steamer on a rock in Cook's Straits. No lives



CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, BISHOP OF LINCOLN, 1883.

(From a photograph by Elliott & Fry.)

were lost, but all the passengers' luggage and all the presents brought from England went to the bottom. Seven hours suspense were passed before her husband and son came to her. Regrets "things for other people and George's new hat."

Sunday, 8th.—Snow on the ground. . . . Mr. Saint to luncheon. Read "Paradise Lost" to my father afterwards. In the evening he preached on the Second Lesson¹; Death—Christian and Heathen. Reminiscences of being here forty years ago. A beautiful, most impressive extempore discourse. Afterwards we sat over the fire in his room. He quoted *αὶ αὶ ταὶ μαλάχαι* from Moschus,² and the conversation went on in that line about heathen views of immortality, Cicero and Juvenal. He quoted with great animation the lines:

"Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas."

Monday, 9th.—We walked to Mr. Saint's most interesting old moated house at Groombridge; melancholy enough for any Mariana; beautiful red-brick colouring. My father thought the house like his old home at Buxted. We observed a dove sipping out of a vase at the entrance quite *à la Pliny*. The house is haunted by these beautiful creatures. The peacocks were shy, I suppose of cold. Waterfowl were hopping

¹ 1 Thess. iv., Old Lect.

² The flowers return, but man returneth not'

over the ice in the large mere at some little distance, but floating quite happily in the moat. The house was full of old panels, old pictures, and cabinets, all charmingly complete. Arms of the Duke of Orleans, once confined here, in fireplace. Portraits of Packers, friends of Evelyn, who mentions this place as well wooded and watered. Mr. Cook, the artist, a bright-eyed, little old man, came in. Sorry we could not go and see his house, which was full of curiosities. My father and I walked through the rain to Mr. Oswell's¹; and found him and his wife and all their dear children. Pleasant half-hour there, while he showed us some of his African trophies. Home again in the wet, but were glad to have done it.

In the evening Miss M. Watson told some curious stories of a Russian conjuror. He had to perform before the Czar and court. He kept them waiting an hour, at the end of which he appeared, quite unconcerned, assured them he was there at the time fixed, and begged they would look at their watches. They did so, and every man's watch was exactly an hour behind time. The Czar afterwards ordered him to leave the city. He did so, and contrived by his wonderful art that every gatekeeper at the various gates of the town should send a notification of his passing through their particular gate at the same moment. Conjuror takes £10

¹ The friend and fellow explorer of Livingstone, who had married a daughter of our old friend Mr. Rivaz.

note to be changed. "You have given me only £9." One more is given, and then another, and the same delusion continues. "My name is —. Good morning to you. You will find the superfluous money in your boot." And so it proved.

A day or two after this my sister Susan and I paid our first visit (and a very memorable one it proved) to Wellington College. How we delighted in it all; the beautiful chapel, the walks and talks in the fir-woods, the long arguments, the poetry readings! The whole visit was a new and delightful experience to us. Our acquaintance had begun through my brother John, who very luckily did *not* get a New College Fellowship, which he had desired, and thus spent some time in school-work, first at Harrow, and then at Wellington College, before obtaining a Fellowship at Brasenose. On Saturday, 13th, our father and mother arrived, he with a letter in his pocket from Mr. D'Israeli, offering him a place on the Episcopal Bench. He had written to decline, but on hearing it conjectured that the Bishop of Ely (Dr. Harold Browne) was to go to Canterbury, wanted to hear more particulars. The attraction of a diocese comprehending the University of Cambridge was strong. It can well be supposed what earnest conversations took place that Sunday. My sister, Mrs. Trebeck, adds the following particulars:

"My father, when he had despatched his morning 'mail,' took a walk with Dr. Benson,

and presently remarked to him, 'I have just refused the offered Bishopric.' His host threw up his hands in horror. 'That letter,' said he, 'must never go from this house.' 'It is already written and in the post-box.' 'Then let us go and withdraw it.' 'But I do not feel at my age equal to it, having lived such a studious life.' It ended by E.W.B. persuading him to accept, promising him that he would give up his work at Wellington College by degrees, and come to Lincoln to help him—a promise he fully carried out." That day laid the foundations of a friendship between our dear father and the future Archbishop which was fraught with far more important results than any one could have guessed.

On Monday, November 23rd, we went by afternoon train to Reading, where we heard from a friend that Lincoln, not Ely, was the vacant bishopric. My father and our friend went out for a walk. John and I had a turn together near the ruins of the old abbey, after which, Susan and I started for Challow, the railway station for Stanford. Travelled with the Bishop of Oxford and Lady Barrington. He seemed, I thought, not very well pleased with current events, but was very congratulatory and somewhat facetious.

Sir Charles Anderson told me afterwards that the Roman Catholics had postponed the announcement of the Bishop's daughter's (Mrs. Pye's) secession to the Church of Rome, to the very moment when they thought it most likely to

damage him before the public—that of the Archbishop's death. "The blow of my life has fallen upon me" was, if I remember rightly, his expression in writing to Sir Charles on his daughter's perversion.

The events of the next few weeks have been described elsewhere. Our dear father was consecrated Bishop of Lincoln in Westminster Abbey, February 24, 1869, and went off almost immediately afterwards with our mother, his inseparable companion, on his first confirmation tour. How strange and unfamiliar the names of the Lincolnshire villages seemed to us as we copied down the list! And, I may add, how grand and beautiful Lincoln Minster looked to my sisters and me in the mellow afternoon light as we drove up hill!

The task of unpacking the books was no light one. There were ten tons of them; and really one felt inclined to detest the whole tribe of authors before we had done.

My sister Priscilla, who was nursing in King's College Hospital, wrote us a few affectionate lines to greet us on our arrival. In it she said, "Only this morning I had another proof of God's merciful preservation of us. The upper part of the windows in the ward are made to open inwards, fan-lights, I think they are called, by pulling a cord. I was opening one between two beds, when the whole gave way, and fell with a great crash, frame-work and all, breaking the large pane of the lower part of the window,

overturning a large flower pot in the window-sill, and just touching one of the beds (the only one where the patient happened to be up and away from it, in the whole ward) before it came to the ground. Of course, the glass was smashed completely ; but, most mercifully, neither I nor the poor woman in the next bed was touched. The patients were much frightened, as they thought I must have been very much hurt ; and the poor fever girl cannot forget it, asking after me most tenderly this morning, and saying to the night nurse, ‘ Wasn’t it a miracle that Sister wasn’t killed ? ’ ”

I pass over a good many letters and journals descriptive of our early Lincoln life, as they belong to our dear father’s biography rather than to the present work. Those first few years were full of activities of one kind and another, but they cannot be recorded here ; and no record of mere facts and events can convey to others the atmosphere of home affection, sympathy, and cheerfulness, which our dear father and mother had the power to create in every place where they abode. His favourite saying, “ In the voyage of life, do not look at the ships around you, but at the stars above you,” might have been the motto of his episcopate.

CHAPTER IX

1869

EARLY LIFE AT LINCOLN

ONE of our first visitors at Riseholme, in the summer of 1869, was our brother John's most kind friend, Professor Conington. This place seems the fittest for putting down the few recollections which still survive of our intercourse with him. We had often heard of him before our first meeting—his kindness to John at the reading-party at Ilkley, and on other occasions, his "liberal" views, and his little peculiarities of manner, which had been imitated so exactly that it was difficult not to smile when one saw the original. A tall, light-haired man, somewhat florid in complexion, with large hands, eyes generally hidden by spectacles, and little personal charm (except the very kind smile, which did not, of course, strike an observer at first), and very trying hesitation in speaking—he seemed the most complete personification of a scholar, as distinct from a man of the world. But, I remember, even on that occasion, being struck with his interesting conversation—I rather

think it was on the light literature of the last generation but one. This was at breakfast at Mr. Coxe's house in Beaumont Street, which was the rendezvous of many delightful talkers. We saw him again in the Whitsuntide of 1868, when he, Mr. Talbot, Prickard and Papillon, all came to Stanford. Then I remember the same feeling of a struggle to preserve one's gravity during the first few shy minutes, and the sense of being much interested afterwards. On the Sunday, we went for a long walk in Buckland Woods, which were then most lovely, the rhododendrons being out, and sat there. I remember, as we were going, Mr. Conington's talking about Cowper,¹ a character in whom he seemed to feel considerable interest, and afterwards about modern novels—Miss Austen and others. On our return we had evening service, and John preached; and we understood that he expressed great pleasure at the sermon. It was said by some one, "Conington always attends to, or remembers, every sermon he goes to." It was also said that he knew every man's handwriting in the University.

Next morning we heard Mr. Conington telling anecdotes of Miss Martineau and her courteous reception of him; rather noticeable, as she had generally the character of being so reserved.

Afterwards a party of us went to the White Horse Hill. All the gentlemen but Mr. Talbot walked up through Captain Butler's grounds.

¹No doubt suggested by Buckland being the old seat of the Throckmorton family, with whom Cowper was intimate

A lovely day ; had lunch on the hill-side. I forgot to say we had a long chat with Mr. Talbot, while waiting at the inn, about his cousin Lady Adelaide Talbot's engagement to Lord Brownlow.

How little we thought that—in less than two years' time *he* would be the head of Keble College, Lord and Lady Brownlow our near neighbours in Lincolnshire, that we should probably never have a picnic on the White Horse Hill again, and that one of our party would have left his friends for ever in this world !

In March 1869, soon after we had settled in Lincoln, my brother John and I paid Mr. Conington a flying visit on our way to Burgh, where the former was taking temporary duty. We found his mother's quiet, old-fashioned, red-brick house in the town of Boston. She did not appear, but he did, and was very hospitable and kind. There were some curious old silver maces, in a case on the wall, formerly used by Mayors of Boston. He and John talked a good deal. After we left him, I remember being struck by the grand sunset. Boston "Stump" very fine, rising above the water.

On another visit we saw Mrs. Conington at luncheon. Beautifully neat, refined looking old lady ; blind, or nearly so. She gave me a very kind message for my father, whom she always "remembered in her prayers." - Jean Ingelow's poems were on the drawing-room table.

On July 9, the Professor paid us a little visit at Riseholme, and walked and talked with our father.

Saturday, 10th.—We sat in the library most of the morning, discussing Mr. Courthope's poem "Ludibria Lunæ," which Mr. Conington had taken great interest in preparing for the press; pronouncing some of the latter part "quite epic." Thought it very unfair of him to abuse Miss Ingelow, "whom he had seen first on my table." He read with a good deal of enthusiasm the lines about "an empty house"—vacant caverns in the moon, I think, but should remember if I saw them again.

In the afternoon we were making preparations for a garden party. He came out with the rest of us, as we set out the croquet, and picked flowers, etc., to ornament the room; and he afterwards chatted with various of our friends in the boat and on the lawn. Archdeacon (afterwards Bishop) Trollope arrived, who talked a good deal about antiquities at dinner. Professor Conington on children's books. Horrid to be set off crying by them, as he sometimes was, in a London club, or no matter where. Great admiration for *Deerbrook*. Thought it would have spoilt it if Maria had been made happy in the end. How would the moral have been brought out?

Sunday.—Some of our party went to the Cathedral; the rest, including the Professor, to Riseholme Church. It was a lovely morning, and all enjoyed the fresh summer sights, sounds and scents. It was pleasant to look at him in church; such a reverent, thoughtful, attentive expression one rarely sees, and it was quite

borne out by his character and the whole tone of his conversation. Afterwards we walked round the lake, discussing whether the world was better at one time than it had been at another. It seemed a question that interested him much ; but I do not know that we arrived at any very satisfactory conclusion.

In the evening, à propos of letter-writing, he said how sorry he was he had not written to thank Dr. Merivale¹ for his translation of Homer. Talked about Mr. Worsley. Had come to know him through their joint literary work. They did not always agree ; often not, in points of taste, but it was evidently a very gratifying friendship. Repeated the lines about short-lived men.² The original thought amplified, but gaining thereby.

Some remark was made about children. He was very sorry, but he could not take to them, "though I know Scripture says . . . " I forget whether he quoted any particular text. I ought to add that for the best part of the afternoon he had been walking with John, showing the most kind interest in his affairs.

He left us on the Monday morning, and we never met again. He died of a very sudden

¹ The late Dean of Ely. He had married our aunt, Judith Frere ; and will be remembered by a large circle of friends not only for his well-known History of Rome, but for his wit, humour, kindness of heart, and delightfully placid and genial disposition.

² Could this be the beautiful speech of Sarpedon ? Il. xii., 322. Mr. Worsley's health broke down while he was translating the Iliad ; and Professor Conington undertook the translation of the last xii books.

illness on Saturday, October 23, in his mother's house at Boston.

His funeral was attended by several of his Oxford friends; among them our brother John, who wrote shortly after Mr. Conington's death, (October 24, 1869):

"We hardly know, I think, what a loss we have had. . . . His kindness to me was only a part of what he showed freely to all his friends. I really cannot believe that he is not alive. It seems only yesterday that I drove in with him part way to Riseholme (and then stepped out with Benson) discussing Bradshaw as we went, and talking of meetings between Whitby and Scarborough; and then, those long Sunday talks, and the walking up and down the grass in front of our windows, talking about the gospels and the possibility of a Christian philosophy such as Westcott seems to imagine. He said that, after much seeking, he could give men who came to him no better advice than to believe what they learnt at home as children as more probably true than anything else. He spoke in a somewhat melancholy way, as if he had failed of the assurance he could wish. Now we trust all is clear to him. . . . Somehow, though I knew he was not strong, I never thought, and cannot now think, of such a sudden end, so without possibility of a word between us."

Mr. Blenkin, then Vicar of Boston, told my father that for the last ten years before leaving for Oxford he had always sent for Mr. B. to

administer the Holy Communion to his mother, and had always received it with her. He talked over all his undertakings at Oxford with her. His last thought was for her comfort, even to signing a blank cheque for the doctor, to save her trouble. The visit to Whitby alluded to above took place in the August of 1869, when we went with a large party with Dr. and Mrs. Benson and their children, and had a most delightful time. As some mention of this has been made in Archbishop Benson's Life, I will not dilate on it here, though it was a time none of us will ever forget. For the same reason I do not dwell on the appointment of Dr. Temple to be Bishop of Exeter. A very graphic and interesting letter which I received on the subject from Dr. Benson, describing his consecration at Westminster, has also found a place in Dr. Benson's Life.

CHAPTER X

1870

OPENING OF KEBLE COLLEGE

THE following letter, written by me June 23, 1870, shows that Oxford had already begun to cast a spell over us. It refers to the installation of Lord Salisbury and the opening of Keble College. Our dear father and others also received honorary degrees.

To MISS FRERE

“ The last few days have been so like a delicious dream that I feel I must do the usual dreamer’s part and tell it before I forget it. I came from Wellington College on Monday, and found Pris, Susan, and Chris at the station. Susan and I, after leaving the others (at Mr. Coxe’s) in Beaumont Street, went to New College, where the Warden and his sister, Miss Janetta Sewell, made us welcome. We were all to go to the Wadham concert in the evening. It took place in the beautiful old hall, dimly lighted by one great (gas) chandelier, and ornamented with flowers in the old deep chimney. The music was chiefly of the glee and madrigal order; the New College choir delightful. But the charm

of the evening was in walking about the gardens afterwards, and in losing and finding your friends by the half-light of coloured Chinese lamps. . . .

“Next day we went to the theatre, to the Chancellor’s installation. I won’t describe the scene—as it will be in all the papers—further than to say that, since the days of Vandyke, there surely never was a more dignified and picturesque specimen of an English nobleman than Lord Salisbury in his black and gold, supported by his two boys, said to be ‘little pickles,’ but behaving on this occasion in a most exemplary manner. The Installation Ode was well sung; the solos by Miss Edith Wynne, whose high, clear voice seemed to travel over the closely-packed and rustling crowd that filled the theatre without any painful effort. . . . There is evidently a strong Tory feeling among the undergraduates.

“In the evening Pris, Susan, and I agreed we would go to New College Chapel. We stopped at the Warden’s first for a cup of tea. Miss Yonge (*the* Miss Yonge), who was, like ourselves, to be his guest, had just arrived, and went with us to chapel. We had been always told she was shy, but I can only say, no one could have been pleasanter or more natural. . . . She is a handsome woman; handsomer now, I dare say, because probably softer-looking than when younger. She looks, and is, Devonshire all over, with the most beautiful bright brown eyes, Brunette colouring, brownish hands, and plenty of white hair, which, contrasted with such a healthy complexion, makes her like the picture of some powdered, but not rouged, marquise of the *ancien régime*—an impression which is strengthened by her tall, plump,

well-set-up figure. Her voice is peculiar. I suppose it is the way they talk down in Devonshire. Altogether, she gives one a feeling of country, and out of doors, and looks as if she ought always to be giving you syllabubs out of beautiful old china in a nice, old-fashioned garden. Well, we came out of chapel, and found my father, who had just arrived, in the ante-chapel. So we all strolled about New College gardens for some time; then my father had to go off, with the Warden, to a dignified dinner at All Souls, and we ladies sat down to high tea, with open windows beyond, filled with crimson geraniums, and grey walls beyond them again. The effect of colour was so lovely that I actually persuaded Miss Yonge to change her place, so as to be opposite them, and beside me! I am afraid my motives were rather mixed. However, as strangers came in afterwards, she seemed to be rather glad to hide her shyness in a *tête-à-tête*, and we chatted away about my little Algerian brooch; Turkish coins; Ionian Islands; the ship of the Phæacians turned into stone; travelling scenes that make the most impression on you being often those about which you can convey fewest ideas to others, etc. We drank our tea, and ate our strawberries, and then all strolled and sat about in the Warden's private garden till dusk. By the way, in the course of tea-time, Miss Yonge happened to mention that she had *never* seen a Commemoration since she was ten years old, when the Duke of Wellington was made Chancellor. 'My brother, who was several years younger, had the honour of being kissed by him.' On which a lady who was present remarked, 'Well, if I were he, I would never

have washed my face again.' In due time my father and the Warden came back, and we all went to bed.

"22nd.—Half-past seven this morning (my birthday) found our father, Susan, and me on our way to New College Chapel. Afterwards we strolled a little about the beautiful garden, and eventually had breakfast. This was rather more formidable than the night before. Then we all went into the theatre. Susie Coxe, Priscilla, Miss Yonge, Susan and I, all very snug in an embayed window somewhere behind the Chancellor's head. Our father's name was well received; though, of course, it was nothing to the enthusiasm about Canon Liddon, who is so much better known in the Oxford world. It was very interesting on both days to watch the faces, Mr. Lowe, who was dubiously welcomed, screwing up his white eyebrows; the Bishop of Peterborough (Dr. Magee), pale and nervous; our father, grave; Liddon, gently smiling; Landseer, calm and Socratic-looking; Lord Cowley, like a man of the world. We had great fun over the recitations. I am afraid Miss Yonge did not find the *real* Newdigate equal to her imaginary one in the 'Daisy-chain.' Oddly enough, it was about Margaret of Anjou, with some allusions to her 'namesake flower.' It seemed long and monotonous; and just as we thought the Queen had done talking about the ghosts of her departed husband and others, he suddenly turned up alive and well, and we wondered if the poem would ever end!

"Miss Yonge was cheered—at least, some one said so afterwards, but I think she professed to

believe it was 'the ladies.' We lunched, just a party of friends, in New College Hall. The kind old Warden did me the honour of drinking my (birthday) health, but we had no speechifying. In the afternoon went to the fête in St. John's gardens; and some of our party went later to the Magdalen concert, but I stayed at home, having an appointment with S. E. Coxe (our future sister-in-law), and meantime had a quiet little talk with Miss Yonge by the drawing-room window. She had been delighted with my father's explanations of one or two passages in the Bible; one being, 'the time is short' = reefed or furled up (*συνεσταλμένος*). She wanted to know if it was anything like 'many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased'—when, unfortunately, he was called away, and she said to me afterwards, 'How I wish I could hear more of these good words!'—recalling former talks with Mr. Keble. I could not help saying what a comfort he had found this kind of study in the midst of other troubles and worries; and then the conversation turned on some of the Church questions of the day. Then we went up and sat by Miss Sewell's sofa, and looked at her pretty Genoese necklaces. Miss Yonge had lost all her seals that morning, going to early service at St. Mary's. One must have been a great curiosity, with the head of Charles I on one side, and H. Maria on the other, such as were given to those who had been their supporters in the Civil War. By-and-by the Coxes came; Mr. Coxe paired off with Miss Yonge, and Susie with me, strolling about the Warden's garden. Then we came in and sat in the drawing-room, . . . Mr. Coxe making fun for the whole party.

“On Thursday, father and Susan (W.) went off early, too early for the eight o'clock Communion at Keble College, to which Miss Yonge and I walked, the Warden escorting us to the entrance. It was a curious fate for me to be with the person who perhaps cared for Keble more than any other survivor, at such a time, and to be beside her all through the service, which was quiet, reverent, and much too solemn to be called ‘interesting.’ One side of the little temporary chapel was crowded with men, the other well filled with ladies. It all seemed so real and so unworldly; almost like a gathering of private friends. . . . After the early service we walked quickly and quietly home, where the Warden had some breakfast for us. . . . Then we went back to Keble College, where I joined the Beaumont Street party in the quadrangle to hear the speeches. Oh, what a three hours’ broil we had!¹ You will have seen the speeches in the papers. Then I came back to New College; had quite an affectionate farewell of Miss Yonge and a very kind parting from the Warden and his sister. Reached London in safety, under the care of Mr. J. G. Talbot, and was not sorry to find myself under the quiet shadow of the Abbey, and in the company of our good friends at Westminster.”

A propos of Westminster I find, a few days later, a record of meeting Dean Stanley and his delightful wife at a friend’s house. The Dean

¹ I was quite unwell after this, and believe I had a touch of sunstroke, as it was impossible to put up one’s parasol in such a crowd.

gave us a curious account of the funeral of Charles Dickens, which took place (contrary to general expectation) in the Abbey. There was no one present but the fourteen mourners, the Dean, canons, etc. It was about 9 a.m. When it was well over, the "gentlemen of the Press" came down to know when the service was to begin. The Dean was evidently very triumphant at the success with which the manœuvre had been carried out!

Perhaps the following letter to my aunt, Mrs. J. E. Frere, will give a little idea of the social side of our life in those days:

"WESTMINSTER,
"July 7, 1870.

"... I thought you would like to hear about the Mansion House dinner last night. I had to be dressed by a quarter to six, and my father came in a hansom and picked me up. We got quite early to the Mansion House, and after going upstairs and disrobing, had to follow our own names into a great large saloon, through two long lines of people, to the end where the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress were standing. After paying our respects to them, we dispersed about the room; happily we got chairs to sit on. It was curious to watch the crowd by the yellow London daylight, making a sort of ironical contrast between the gay dresses and the careworn, hungry, and in some cases shy faces of the wearers. We had to wait there three-quarters of an hour. The clergy were in black gowns and bands, the bishops in purple coats,

the aldermen in black coats and point lace ruffles, 'knees and silks,' and some few men in uniforms. There was a man in a Rembrandt-like fur cap standing by the Lord Mayor holding the city mace and sword. There were not many handsome or aristocratic looking women. There were some 'eminent Nonconformists,' looking the part to perfection.

"At last, when we were *quite* famished, the door, or rather velvet curtain, opened; and we went arm-in-arm into the banqueting hall. We had to walk half round it to our places, amid such a blaze of candles, mirrors, gold and silver plate, gold-laced servants, fruit and flowers, as would have delighted Mr. Disraeli. I felt 'Here is the inspiration of Lothair!' Papa and I were in great glory. I had the Bishop of London on my right (who had the Lady Mayoress on his other hand) and was next my father, who had Mrs. Mansel and the Dean of St. Paul's on his left (husbands and wives always seem to sit together). Agnes Jackson (afterwards Mrs. Fisher) was the Lord Mayor's right. She was quite the prettiest person in the room. As to the Lord Mayor, it was delightful to see his good-natured, intelligent face coming out of the midst of so much black velvet and diamonds. . . . The Bishop of London told one or two good stories—one of some alderman saying the Fishmongers (?) had given their *'all'* to some charity. Another story he told, speaking of the badness of the room for hearing, how some one had afterwards come up, to himself, I think, with 'I am so sorry, I haven't heard a word of your *deeply interesting* speech!'

“Before dinner was half over, there was a little bustle, and in came M. Lesseps (Suez Canal), white hair, red ribbon, rather hastily put on white tie, brown face, clever brown eyes, moustache, and elegant little brown hands. He was nearly opposite us, but there was a horrid gold vase just between, and I had to peep at him, as it were, through the handles! However, we heard his speech, in French, very well—his reference to Lord Palmerston’s want of faith in the expedition and its effects on English commerce. What would he say if he were alive this day, when forty out of fifty vessels that use it are English? Progress of religion and friendship between European and Asiatic races—loving cup, English ladies, etc. (He has just been married himself.) There was some pretty music between the speeches; the others were on the usual topics, Army and Navy; Bishops; Protestantism; Clergy, ‘they sometimes will come and *evangelize* a cup of wine’; this you may suppose I quote from the Lord Mayor, ‘Wisdom to the House of Commons,’ which is unpopular in the City just now. My father made a short but good speech, at the end, proposing the Mayoress; and so we departed to digest our turtle soup and white-bait as best we might. To-day he goes to various meetings, and House of Lords about the ‘*Lectionary*.’”

We were present at part of this debate, and much amused by a certain noble lord, well-known in religious circles, wishing to substitute the words “Table of Lessons” for “*Lectionary*,” as more *Anglo-Saxon*!

In October 1870, my father held his first visitation, and this brought us a visit from the (then) Chancellor of the Diocese, Sir Travers Twiss, who was a very entertaining talker, and whose recollections of Metternich were rather interesting. One day he asked the Prince, "Did you ever, in the course of your intimacy with the First Napoleon, ask him when the idea of being Emperor first entered his mind?" Metternich answered, "Well, I will tell you of a conversation I had with him once at Lille. It was after his marriage with Maria Louisa, when he was taking her on a sort of progress through Flanders. They were going off somewhere the next day, and the Empress retired early, but as I was taking my leave Napoleon said to me, 'Oh, you are one of the people who can sit up; don't go, let's have a good talk.' The windows opened on some leads, and we paced up and down, or sat. Though the interests of my master, the Emperor of Austria, often caused me to differ from Napoleon politically, yet personally he was very fond of me; and I ventured to ask him the question you have mentioned. He answered very frankly, 'Well, I was brought up in the Military School of St. Cyr, and in those days I was a little *sans culotte*, and so I continued till I took the command of the Army of Italy. The men were a disorderly set of ragamuffins, but I endeavoured successfully to introduce a little order among them. I said to myself "These men are not

sans culottes, they like order and subordination." And when I went to Italy the second time, and took my wife with me, I surrounded her with a few aides-de-camp in the shape of ladies, so that there should be the same sort of difficulty in access to her that there was with myself. I found my wife was more respected than the wives of the other generals, and this confirmed me in my first idea.' 'But' (said Prince M.) 'how was it that none of these other generals were your rivals?' 'Because none of them had the particular qualities necessary for that epoch. Only one, Joubert, was an exception. I always determined that if Joubert came forward, I would not. But this was not the case.' So we went on talking, till he pulled out his watch, 'Dear me, it is half-past five. Well, as we start about six, I don't see any use in going to bed!' So (said Prince Metternich) our conversation ended." It will be remembered that the death of Joubert, who was killed in battle at the age of thirty, at Novi, in 1799, was followed by Napoleon's hasty return to Paris.

I said I had always felt an interest in Bernadotte (who was afterwards King of Sweden). "Well," he said, "Bernadotte was a man who knew how to blow hot and cold.

"When he was with the Allied Army he always contrived to avoid taking the field against Frenchmen. So he went on till after the decisive battle of Leipzig. Then, as the Emperors of Russia

and Austria were going to enter the town, whom should they see at the entrance, riding about and gesticulating, with a plume of green feathers on his head, and looking as if all the successes were due to him, but Bernadotte, who had done so little to promote them ! ”

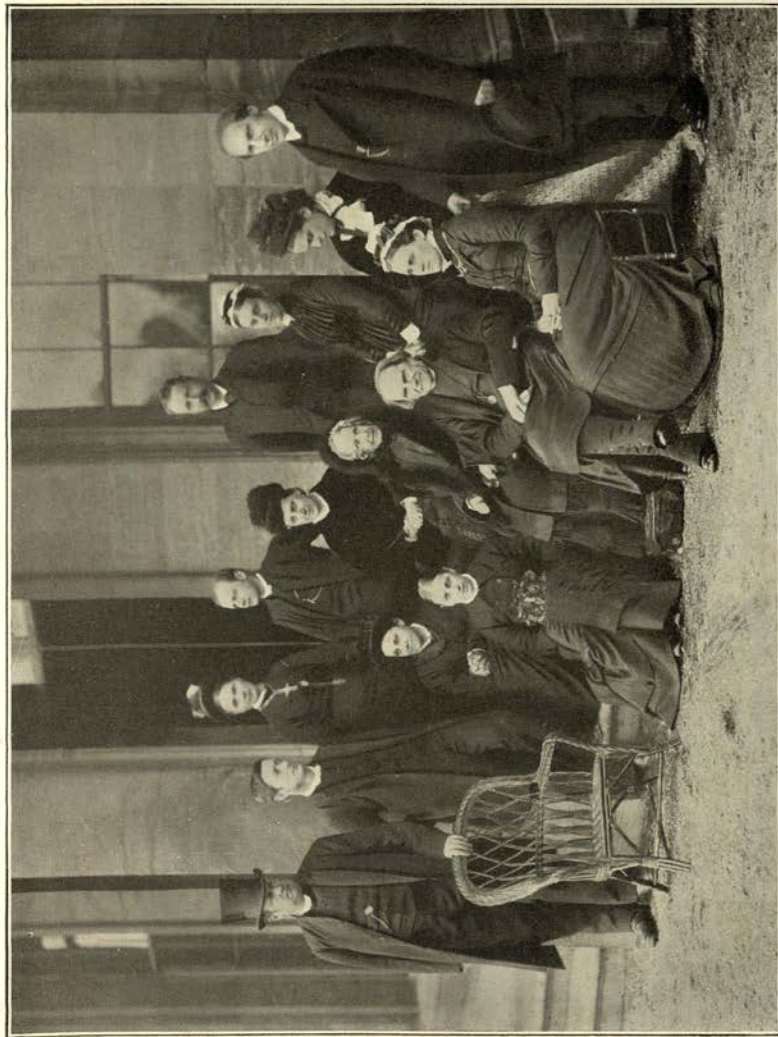
CHAPTER XI

.1870-1877

FAMILY AFFAIRS

VERY shortly after these letters were written, the world's attention was aroused by the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war in July 1870. All through that hot dry summer hardly anything else was thought or spoken of. Curiously enough, the abrupt termination of the negotiations at Ems almost coincided with the great scene in St. Peter's Church at Rome when the personal infallibility of the Pope, when speaking *ex cathedrâ*, was proclaimed. It seemed as if, literally and figuratively, there was thunder in the air.

We of the younger generation were spending that August in company with the Bensons, at the Lakes. I can remember now the eager groups that used to collect at Ambleside when the London papers came in. I remember well a lonely hill-side walk in that beautiful country one summer afternoon, and the contrast offered to my previous musings when I heard, on reaching home, of Louis Napoleon's capitulation at Sedan.



WEDDING GROUP AT RISEHOLME, APRIL 1880.

J. J. Trebeck,
E. T. Lecke,

Mary Wordsworth,
Chr. Wordsworth,

Mary Trebeck,

Mrs. Wordsworth,

Priscilla Steedman,

S. E. Wordsworth,

John Wordsworth,

Susan Wordsworth,
Dora Lecke,

Bishop of Lincoln,

Eliz. Wordsworth,

Side by side with these painful interests was the great family event of our brother John's formal engagement to Miss Coxe, to whom he was married at Wytham Church, on Innocents' Day (December 28) of this year. As I hope some future biographer will speak of this, I can only say once for all that we gained in her one of the most charming and affectionate of sisters-in-law. She brought to him just the qualities which he wanted in a wife, it was like the setting of "perfect music unto noble words," of which Tennyson speaks; and our whole family, his Oxford pupils, and later the whole diocese of Salisbury, had reason to bless the day which made them man and wife. Our brother Christopher, who then held a curacy at Alvechurch, Worcestershire, married April 14, 1874, Mary Reeve, the sister of Rev. J. A. Reeve, his old College friend (afterwards Rector of Lambeth), of whom, as I rejoice to say she is still living, it is hard to speak as one would wish.

On *October* 28, in the same year, our sister Mary was married to Rev. James John Trebeck, afterwards Rector and Sub-Dean of Southwell. Of him too, it is hard to speak, though, alas, he is no longer with us! He was almost the last survivor of an old Yorkshire family, and was a man of so many interests and sympathies, so much warmth of heart, so much humour, so much *humanity*, and yet was so earnestly and devoutly good, that there were very few like him. He inherited all the instincts of the English country

gentleman, and, though a reverent and earnest Churchman, belonged to that good old-fashioned type of clergy who are full of interest in ordinary human life. He did splendid work, first at Doncaster, under Dr. Vaughan, then at Rotherhithe, then among the Grimsby fishermen, and finally at Southwell.

There was a frankness and geniality about him, which the roughest of men understood, and he was an admirable and always original preacher. But, as may be said of our dear friend Mr. Coxe, with whom he had a good many points in common, one despairs of making those who did not know him understand what he was like. Both were delightful *raconteurs*, but the voice and manner went for so much! If you could induce John Trebeck to sing you one of his old sailor songs, such as the one about the lady of fortune who, in order not to lose sight of her lover (who alas, proved faithless!), went on board his ship attired as a sailor:

“Which when the captain came for to hear it
He very much applauded what she'd done.
Says he, ‘I’ll make you my First Lieutenant
On board the gallant Thunder Gun,’”

you would have had a genuine treat. Dibdin, he said, had the mind of a sailor; he thought and spoke as a sailor.

“The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
And looks after the life of poor Jack,”

was a special favourite of his, as it exactly expresses a sailor's religious views. He loved to tell his Grimsby stories, and they always showed the brightest side of the fisherman's life. "One stormy day a fishing smack was wrecked and fast sinking. When the skipper came on deck he found the mate busy swabbing. 'What's the use of that, Jack ; don't you see she's sinking ?'— 'Yes, master, I know it ; but, for all that, I'd like the old gal to go down clean and tidy.'"

He had endless stories of Sir Tatton Sykes, which he told in the choicest Yorkshire—Sir Tatton always rode to London and slept one or two nights on the way. Once, arriving at a small inn, he engaged his bed and then went out ; when he returned he found, to his disgust, a bagman occupying it. He told the man it was *his* bed, that he had engaged it, that he must move, but the man replied he "should stay where he was." Upon which Sir Tatton told him politely that "he might please himself," but he added "Perhaps you are not aware that I have a habit of sleeping in my top boots and spurs," which he proceeded to do, and so made short work of the bagman.

As Rector of Southwell, J. J. T. had to dispense a certain bequest every Christmas, and one day he was giving the accustomed guinea to a poor old woman who, before taking it, shook her finger at him, saying, "Ah ! I knew him, the old sinner, he left this money away from his own children who needed it, to us who don't need it, all to get

a good name after his death—a thing he could never get when he was alive ! ”

A young clergyman gave up his living to take care of his aged mother, who was rather wandering in mind and body. Meddlesome people hinted that the “parson” ought to be at work, and wanted J. J. T. to interfere. The latter was not so easily drawn, and on one occasion replied “He *is* hard at work.” “But he hasn’t got a parish, has he ? ” “Yes, he has, and a very *rambling* one too ! ”

Mr. Trebeck was once dining at Riseholme Palace in the days of Bishop Jackson. The conversation had become somewhat serious, not to say dull, when the subject of Mr. H. Chaplin and his horses was started. J. J. T. was a Christ-church friend of the Master of the “Blankney” and showed a most unexpected knowledge of horses, upon which a decidedly severe old lady, sitting on his right, shook her ringlets in his face, in stern disapproval of his conversation, and said, “I think, young man, you said you lived at Grimsby ; let me advise you to leave horses alone and make acquaintance with that worthy, pious young curate, Mr. Trebeck, who has lately gone there and who is doing such good work amongst the fishermen.” There was a roar of laughter, which the old lady could not understand ; “I happen to know him a little,” replied her neighbour, “and I am afraid he is neither worthy nor pious.”

One delightful story of his I can remember,

but only spoil in the telling, of two regiments at the Cape which detested one another; and one poor fellow, who unfortunately had to be hanged, getting a jacket (the *other* regiment's uniform) to be hanged in! This seems almost to have consoled him for the sentence he had to undergo.

The best likeness of John Trebeck I know (though the face is a failure) is of him and his great friend and neighbour Dean Hole sitting capping stories together in the drawing-room at Southwell. One can almost see the twinkling of the eyes, and hear the varied intonation of the voices, as one old tale suggests another!

One of John Trebeck's *bons mots* (but he had many) is too good to be lost. Speaking of a brother clergyman, he said, "He first writes his sermon, and then finds out a train of thought in it." He was full of enthusiasm, though at the same time a decidedly "good hater." Burke, the old Duke of Wellington, Sir Bartle Frere, and General Gordon, were some of the heroes whom he worshipped; and there were two or three ladies (his own wife not excepted) about whom he always spoke in terms of the warmest admiration, but he would be equally enthusiastic about a good servant, or working man or woman. Even the waiters at a London hotel would feel attracted by his genial, sympathetic personality, while he won at least equal devotion from the Highland cottars who were a great delight to him at Braemar, where he often spent his autumn holidays. He was one of the most

generous of men, always doing kindnesses and lending a helping hand to those in need. The beautiful old minster at Southwell was his pride and joy, and it will be long before he is forgotten there.

The following letter¹ will give a glimpse of our brother John's early married life. It was written by me to Mrs. Wordsworth, who was unavoidably absent from home, and whose place I was endeavouring very imperfectly to fill.

"1 KEBLE TERRACE,

"October 17, 1877.

" . . . I got here all right last night, and was met by John at the station. We walked home together, only turning once out of our way to look after an obscure and bankrupt bookbinder, whose shutters were up, and to upbraid a plumber for not sending his men to repair the damage done to your roof by Sunday night's gale. What a gale it was! We had a drive in Belton Park the Monday afternoon, and huge trees were lying on the ground—one with its bushy foliage right across our road; others showing great white gashes where their better halves had been torn away. Sir W. Welby cried, I believe, when he got up that morning and saw what damage had been done. C—— F—— said he was up half the night comforting his frightened children; and Mrs. C—— and I agreed we had felt the room rock with us as we lay in bed. Well, to return, we got home to a pleasant welcome from

¹ Unless otherwise specified, all the letters in this book are of my writing.

the maids, and saw the parcel with your new dress. [Here follow particulars too trivial for publication.]

“. . . Of course we had a lecture¹ after dinner, but I was too sleepy to be of much good as a critic.

“To-day is lovely; we predict that your father will come over to lunch at ‘Aunt Moddy’s.’² She is much as usual, and, like all the rest of us, the better for being amused—dear kind old thing! She is very keen about your new dress, and though, by her own account, she has so far seen the ‘vanity of human wishes’ as to pity every little baby-girl whom she sees born into this miserable world, has still enough of the woman in her to care about the fashions. I suppose we shall all be the same. . . .

“Messrs. Allen, Seddon, Marshall, and [Simpson, Winchester freshman],³ are coming to dine at 7.45. Mary (the cook) rises to the occasion, which is more than I do. Altogether, I feel like Abou Hassan⁴ (and as if you were a kind of Haroun Alraschid in the background), only, so far as I remember, *he* was never troubled with any doubts as to his own efficiency. . . . The Croydon Congress seems to have gone off without any fracas. My father was *extremely well* received, but of course his paper did not touch any burning questions, and the twenty minutes’ system rather bothered him. . . . We had a nice

¹ No doubt one of the “Bamptons.”

² Miss Turner (see ante, p. 51). She lived to be nearly a hundred years old, and died many years after this date.

³ The words in brackets are in J.W.’s hand.

⁴ Alluding to the story in “The Arabian Nights” of “The Sleeper Awakened” (the Caliph for one day).

little peep at the Ladies' College at Grantham. Miss Wilson evidently valued his visit so much. She has forty girls already."

The few subsequent lines were written to my brother when he and his wife and our sister Dora were at *Corpo di Cava*, in order that he might collate the *Codex Cavensis* for the great edition of the Vulgate. The letter shows that "Lady Margaret Hall" was already in contemplation.

"RISEHOLME,

" December 30, 1878.

"A happy New Year to you all three, and all success to the Vulgate. We drank your healths on your wedding day. . . . Nothing seems to be in the public mind but commercial depression and soup-kitchens. . . . I go on sending out circulars (*re* Lady Margaret Hall), the reply to which generally is, 'How *very* good of you to undertake it!' etc., etc.; but benevolence is not quite the same thing as beneficence. However, after all, getting the money is not my part of the business. We have a thaw at last, and my father goes about the house very happy, saying, 'Diffugere nives.' It is nice to see green grass again, but nothing short of the 'goloshes of fortune' can keep one's feet dry out of doors. My father goes on enjoying Mozley's *Essays* in a way that delights me. Tell Dora the poor little mouse got so forward that he had to have a trap set for him—too much prosperity having had as bad an effect on his character as it seems to have had on the British public. Our foundries keep up, I am glad to say."

Our evenings when we were alone at Riseholme were so quiet, with my father, who was a very early riser and hard worker, dozing in an armchair by the library fire, and the rest of us making as little noise as possible so as not to waken him, that a mouse used to find its way to the tea-table in the corner, and enjoy the crumbs it was sure to find there.

In the autumn of 1878 (November 30th), our sister Priscilla was married on St. Andrew's Day to Percy Andrew Steedman, who had then a medical practice at Harewood, near Leeds. The wedding was at 8 a.m. in Riseholme Church. We all walked to the little church through the garden, and the glory of the wintry sunrise gave its own special character to the solemnity. It was a day for which, as year by year goes on, we feel we have had more and more reason to be thankful.

Finally, on April 8, 1880, our sister Dora was married to the Rev. Edward Tucker Leeke, who had succeeded Dr. Benson as Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral. The family group, which will be found in this volume, is a pleasant memorial of an event which proved to be fraught with blessings to us all.

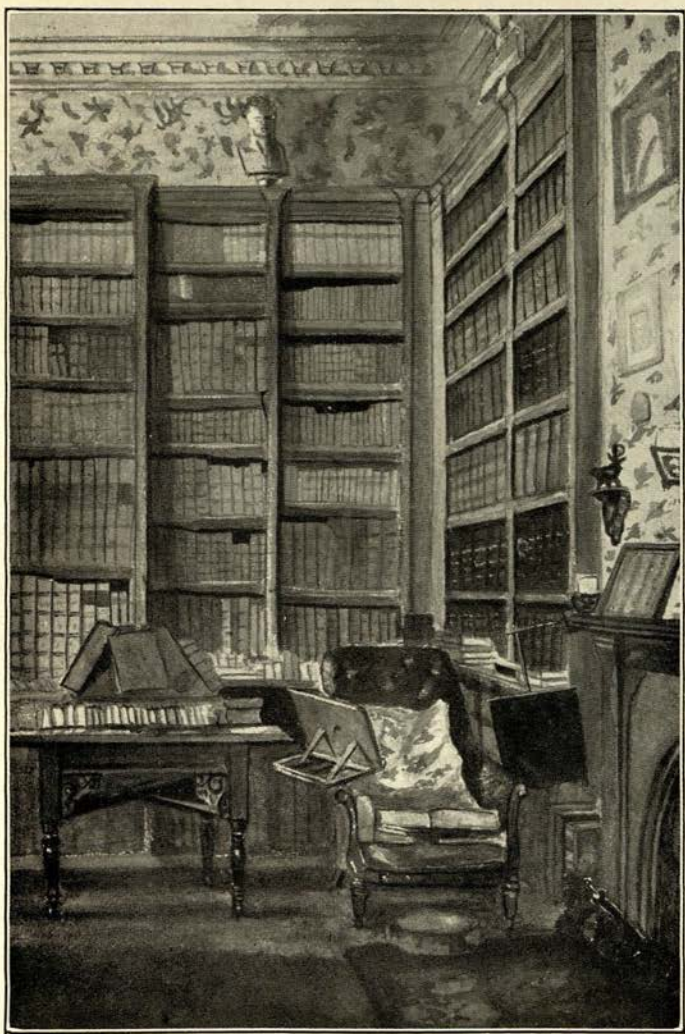
CHAPTER XII

1879

EARLY DAYS AT LADY MARGARET HALL

I RECEIVED the offer of the headship of Lady Margaret Hall early in November 1878. I well remember the talk (November 7th or 8th), with my dear father in his study, which led to my accepting it. In the same month (November 20th) our dear Aunt Elizabeth Frere died at Bishop's Stortford; and two or three days later my brother John and I met at her funeral. In a little conversation we had on that occasion I remember asking him "if he thought I had really better go to Oxford?" "Well" (was the characteristic reply) "if I thought your not going would put an end to the whole thing, I should say, Don't go: but as I don't suppose it will, I think you had better accept."

In the following February, after a winter of unusual severity, my sister Susan (then and always the kindest and wisest of sympathizers) and I paid a visit to Cambridge, where we were the guests of Professor and Mrs. Birks, and I had the opportunity, through the kindness of Miss Clough and Miss Bernard, of seeing Newnham



A CORNER OF THE BISHOP'S STUDY, RISEHOLME.

(From a sketch by Susan Wordsworth.)

The table to the spectator's left came from Trinity College, and was designed by Wren; the square frame on the mantelpiece contains a photograph of part of the Codex Sinaiticus, with blank space for the last twelve verses of St. Mark.

and Girton. From Cambridge I went on to stay with the Warden and Mrs. Talbot at Keble College, and to meet my first committee. Every one was very kind and friendly ; but the thing that chiefly lives in my memory is the quiet conversation in the Warden's study, and the prayer which followed when we had practically agreed on the main features of the scheme ; and I remember his saying, " Ah, I felt sure a Wordsworth and a Talbot would understand one another ! "

On May 19th I had a narrow escape of a bad accident, being thrown out of a dogcart in Lincoln. The groom who was driving pulled the horse suddenly back on its haunches, and I was flung forward and came down on my head. Mercifully, I had a broad plush-trimmed felt hat on, which saved me from a bad cut, but I often thought afterwards what a serious accident it might have been, and kept the injured hat for some time as a relic. Meanwhile students' names were slowly coming in. I wrote to a friend to say " we had landed our first fish " when Mr. Cobbe (Maulden Rectory, Ampthill) definitively put down his daughter Winifred's name. Miss Edith M. Argles was another of our very early applicants ; alas ! during the summer which preceded the opening of the Hall she had the sorrow of losing her brother. There had been some very hot thundery weather, and he was persuaded by some friends, with whom he had gone for a few days' boating on the Thames,

to join a bathing party. He got cramp and was accidentally drowned.

It was a time of deep grief to his family. But Miss Argles, with characteristic courage, persevered in her resolution of coming to Oxford, and eventually got a second class in Ancient History ("Greats" standard). It must have been in the previous May that I went up to stay at Keble "Terrace" (now "Keble Road") with my brother and his dear wife, and went house-hunting with Mrs. Talbot. We explored, I think, the house that is now St. Hilda's, and made up our minds that it was too near the river; we then tried Norham Gardens (which in those days was a sort of *ultima Thule*). "Mrs. Clerke's house," as Fyfield House was then called (having been built by the Archdeacon for the use of his widow), had many attractions, but *we could not get the key to turn in the door*, and in trying to force it, it snapped in our hands! Evidently *this* was not intended to be our permanent abode; so we tried No. 21 on the opposite side of the road. The windows commanded a fine view of young men playing tennis (not exactly a *desideratum* in a Ladies' College): but on the other hand, there was a delightful sense of outside air and space.

The chief thing I remember about the house was thinking the passages were rather mean and narrow (as they certainly are). The fact that there was no possible access from the kitchen to the dining-room except up some mean little stairs in the greenhouse and through the drawing-room,

quite unfitted it for a gentleman's residence, and I hope was considered in the price. The whole domain then consisted of the villa and its garden, with the path connecting Norham Gardens with the Parks, to *the east* of it: an old door in the wooden paling and a break in the wall, still mark the boundary. When we had once decided on the house Mrs. Johnson and other kind friends came to the rescue in the matter of furnishing, and I may take this opportunity of saying that our indebtedness to Mrs. Johnson during the whole history of the Hall is quite incalculable. Nor can I forget Mr. Johnson's kindness. It was, I think, one Sunday morning when all our pipes burst, and he came vigorously to our aid. That was not the only time we had reason to be grateful to him!

In those days there were an unusually interesting set of people at Oxford. There was Mark Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln College,¹ with his brilliant conversational powers, his marvellous literary stores, his very considerable personal charm, all the more so when he chose to exert it, because one felt he could be very caustic if so disposed; there was Walter Pater, with his

¹ The Rector of Lincoln practically founded the Association for the Higher Education of Women, by a generous gift of £100 to start it. "There's dear Miss Wordsworth" (he was reported to have said on one occasion) "always trying to make a bridge between her father and the modern world." He was not at all pleased with my father (the Visitor of Lincoln College) who had, with the support of the House of Lords, obliged them to appoint, in pursuance of ancient custom, a clerical Fellow, the Rev. Andrew Clark, notwithstanding the Rector's opposition.

gentle, dreamy manner, his face all curves and no angles, his measured utterance (every word carefully chosen) and his genuine love for quaint and beautiful things,¹ as evidenced in the house in Bradmore Road, where he and the sisters, to whom he was devoted, used to live. The younger of these, Miss Clara Pater, became one of the tutors at Somerville College. I can see her now, with her fine oval face and beautiful dark eyebrows and grey eyes; always arrayed in some becoming shade of blue, and with the same slow movements and carefully pitched tones as her brother. It is simply impossible to imagine any of the Paters in a crowded railway station, or being jostled about, and losing their luggage, or running to catch a bus. I suppose they had to do these things; but I am sure they never did them if they could help it!

Those were the days of green serge gowns, and Morris papers, depicting miniature orange trees and pomegranates, daisies, and sunflowers. Every lady of true culture had an amber necklace, sleeves tight below the elbow and puffed above it; any scraps of yellowish old lace she could lay her hands upon to trim her dress, mittens in the evening, and in fact attired herself as like one of Du Maurier's aesthetic women as she could.

Mr. Pater was a Fellow of Brasenose College

¹ I remember his showing me a little book of the size of old-fashioned children's books, illustrated with steel engravings which he greatly admired. No doubt he had many such treasures in his possession. Could these have been by Blake?

at that time, as were also the University Registrar, Rev. E. T. Turner, and Rev. Albert Watson. The latter was a proverb for his accuracy and excessive caution. My brother John used to have a story against him à propos of an article in some literary periodical. "Watson, do you know who wrote that article?" "No, I don't. Anyhow I didn't. But" (with a sudden withdrawal of confidence) "perhaps I ought not to have said that!" Another Fellow was Mr. Humphry Ward, who then lived with his afterwards celebrated wife at 17 Bradmore Road. Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Creighton and Mrs. Creighton also were in Oxford; and the ladies above mentioned, as well as Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Arthur Acland, and Mrs. Talbot, were very keen on the higher education of women. Professor Butcher and his perfectly charming wife also lived in Bradmore Road. I am afraid that I cannot say she was equally keen; but Nature had done so much for her that she really did not require to be made anything but what she was—a fascinating sweet-natured Irishwoman. Her great friend, my sister-in-law, Mrs. John Wordsworth, was another of those women to whom Nature had been so prodigal that one never *wanted* her to be exceptionally "well-informed."

I see I have omitted to mention Professor and Mrs. Henry Nettleship, two kind friends of those days. After the resignation of Archdeacon Palmer, who had succeeded John Conington in 1869-70, two strong candidates for the Latin

professorship seemed to be Henry Nettleship and John Wordsworth. The latter (who had in 1874 produced his "Fragments and Specimens of Early Latin") had at this time (1878) begun his work on the Vulgate, and had been also giving Divinity lectures as Dr. Nozley's deputy. Owing to these and other causes, he was turning his mind more and more in the direction of theology. He did not compete, and Henry Nettleship became the distinguished Professor whom we all gratefully remember. "The woman's friend" some one (I think Mrs. Johnson) called him; and he certainly was. Many a delightful hour can some of us recall spent in his company over Herodotus, Aristophanes, and Thucydides—"Ah! you must construe that through a brick wall," was one of his pet expressions when confronted by one of Thucydides hopeless pieces of syntax or lack of syntax! Gilbert and Sullivan were then the rage, and well do his pupils remember Professor Nettleship, whose passion for music was only second to his love of the classics, bringing in scraps of "Pinafore," in illustration of more serious matter! But every one talked Gilbert and Sullivan, just as they did "Alice," in those days! The name of Professor Nettleship suggests that of Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, who, like his distinguished brother at Cambridge, was one of the pioneers in the higher education of women. To attend his classes on Plato or Aristophanes was a kind of intellectual luxury. I used to

wonder how often he must have gone over those first two books of the Republic, and whether it was most to the credit of Plato or himself that they never seemed to lose their freshness.

To return, however, from this digression.

The movement for Women's Education in Oxford had begun in 1873-4, when lectures were given to ladies in the Taylor Building by Professor, afterwards Bishop, Stubbs, Mr. Lang, of Corpus ("Cuthbert Shields"), and others. I went to some of these, and wrote papers for them with the signature of "Colonia." I believe I have still Bishop Stubbs's autograph corrections on some of my papers. How well I remember his pathetic description in one of his lectures of the death of Henry II, and Mrs. Ward coming out and eagerly exclaiming, "It was as bad as the Heir of Redclyffe." Afterwards the Association for the Higher Education of Women was formed, in consequence of a suggestion from Professor Rolleston; and it was agreed to have a Hall of Residence for women students in Oxford. The names of the promoters of this scheme will be found in the contemporary records. It would be impossible to omit the name of Professor T. H. Green, the first secretary of the Association, although that circumstance is a very small item in the debt which Oxford, and indeed the whole thinking world, owes to him, of which more must be said hereafter. But perhaps I ought particularly to mention, while I think of it,

that lectures had already been started in 1865 by the efforts of Miss Smith, sister of the brilliant Henry Smith, of Balliol, and with no inconsiderable share of his ability. It was she, so the story runs, who asked a man what he was studying at Oxford, and being told "History," replied, "And why can't you let bygones be bygones?" A question which is surely unanswerable. She used to come to the meetings of the Association, in her later years, attended by a pet dog, who seemed her inseparable companion. She was certainly an important pioneer in the good cause. But to return to the year 1878.

The friends of women's education soon found that they did not all think alike on the religious question; so it ended in the foundation of two halls—Lady Margaret Hall and Somerville. The latter was, of course, called after the celebrated woman of science (I used to think "*Sic itur ad astra*" ought to have been its motto). The name of the "Church" Hall was for some time under discussion—"Ascham House" seemed at one time rather probable, but this was obviously for various reasons undesirable.

I believe I may fairly claim the credit of the suggestion of "Lady Margaret," as I had become, in my younger days, familiar with her beautiful monument in Westminster Abbey. She was a gentlewoman, a scholar, and a saint, and after having been three times married, she took a vow of celibacy. What more could be

expected of any woman? Perhaps some of us felt a lurking hope that her name might suggest to some of the other sex, how much the Universities both of Oxford and Cambridge were indebted to a woman, and that it might occur to members of those universities to do something for women in their turn. Be that as it may, the name of Lady Margaret was ultimately fixed on, and I think none of us have ever regretted it, though we are aware that it lends itself to irreverent abbreviations! At length our little band of eight students was collected. I find in my diary that I first slept in L. M. Hall on the night of Saturday, October 11, 1879, and attended St. Cross Church, Holywell, on Sunday 12th, with, I believe, Miss Cobbe, Miss Jones, Miss La Touche, and Miss Smith. On Monday, 13th, Miss Bradby, Miss Argles, Miss C. Ward, and Miss Anstruther arrived, and the life of the Hall was fairly started. As most of our "original students" are happily still alive, I cannot say all I should otherwise do about them; but I cannot write the name of Louisa Digges La Touche without a word of affectionate remembrance. She belonged to an old Irish Huguenot family, and had the charm of culture and fine breeding that might be expected from such antecedents, and had also come under the influence—poetical, scholarly, and religious—of Archbishop Trench. She was with us only for a term, as her highly strung nervous system broke down at the very idea of an examination.

We lost her with great regret. She and I always remained friends. She did good work as Principal of the Alexandra College, Dublin, and subsequently in India, but had ere long to return home, and to an invalid life, in Ireland. She died about 1905, leaving a beautiful memory behind her.

As I think it may not be without interest, I subjoin the original lecture list of the A.E.W.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE LECTURES FOR
MICHAELMAS TERM, 1879, AND LENT
TERM, 1880.

PASS SUBJECTS.

<i>Latin.</i> Section A † . . .	} Professor NETTLESHIP, Corpus Christi College.
<i>Greek.</i> Section A . . .	
<i>Modern History.</i> Section C . . .	A. H. D. ACLAND, M.A., Christ Church.
<i>Mathematics.</i> Section D . . .	R. W. M. POPE, M.A., Lecturer of Worcester College.
<i>Physical Science.</i> Section F . . .	Arrangements not yet completed.
<i>Logic.</i> Section F . . .	Hon. A. LYTTETON, M.A., Tutor of Keble College.
<i>Political Economy.</i> Section F . . .	A. TOYNBEE, B.A., Balliol College.

HONOUR SUBJECTS.

<i>English.</i> Section 1 . . .	A. C. BRADLEY, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Balliol College.
<i>German.</i> Section 3 . . .	ALBERT HAMANN, Hon. M.A., Teacher of German at the Taylor Inst.
<i>French.</i> Section 3 . . .	JULES T. T. BUE, Hon. M.A., Teacher of French at the Taylor Inst.
<i>Mathematics.</i> Section 4 . . .	W. ESSON, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Merton College.
<i>Modern History.</i> Section 6 . . .	C. W. BOASE, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College.

† The Sections refer to the printed Regulations for the "Oxford Examination of Women over eighteen years of age," which can be obtained from the Secretaries of the Association.

Early Days at Lady Margaret Hall 147

The Fee for attending each course of Lectures will be One Guinea and a Half.

The Lectures will, during Michaelmas Term, 1879, be given in the rooms of the Association, 35 Little Clarendon Street, St. Giles's.

Further information can be obtained from the Secretaries of the Association, Mrs. GREEN, 14 St. Giles's, and S. H. BUTCHER, Esq., Bradmore Road, Oxford. It is requested that the names of those who propose to attend the Lectures shall be sent in to Mrs. GREEN, if possible, by October 1.

The lectures began by being given in a room over a baker's shop—Mr. Marlowe's—at 35 Little Clarendon Street.¹ This list certainly forms a contrast to the voluminous "Faculty Lists," which may now be seen on our notice boards; but includes some very distinguished names. We were also fortunate in having, from the first, a very able and classical tutor in the person of Miss Rogers; though we little knew how long and valuable her services would be in the cause of Women's Education.

It will be seen that there is no suggestion of College Lectures being open to women. In those days many of the students who came up had not even passed the First Women's Examination, which in later years, was taken for entrance. The "Preliminary," as it was called in those days, was a word of dread, and the having passed it, a source of triumph.

¹ At a later date the premises occupied by the A.E.W. were rooms in Alfred Street which belonged to the Pusey House; the largest of which had formerly been a Baptist Chapel, and was not without traces of its original use. At a much later date, the A.E.W. obtained from the University leave to occupy rooms on the top story of the Clarendon Building.

CHAPTER XIII

1879

OUR OPENING DAY

THE Hall was formally opened by Bishop Mackarness (then and always a very kind friend) on October 16th, with a few prayers, psalms, and an address. The little service took place in the drawing-room, and was closed by the singing of the hymn, "The King of Love my Shepherd is," which we have always considered our special Lady Margaret hymn.

Our next event was the arrival of Miss Pearson. She had won a scholarship given by the Association, tenable at either of the Halls; and to our great joy, and partly, I think, through the good offices of Mr. (now Canon) H. Scott Holland, who was a member of our council, expressed her preference for "Lady Margaret." If we had nothing else to thank the A.E.W. for, we should all feel we owed a deep debt of gratitude to the donors of that scholarship. One of Miss Pearson's many good works was getting some india-rubber tubing, to nail on the door of communication between our dining-room in the basement (later the house-

keeper's room) and the greenhouse. The draughts were fearful; the doors and windows all over the house were made of unseasoned wood, and the students used to say they could get charming views of the country through the interstices of their window-frames! The way the chimneys smoked was awful. It was, naturally, a pet joke with Mr. Holland at our committees to inquire after the welfare of these chimneys; but it was less of a joke to us to find our pretty bedroom things fresh brought from home all covered with soot. Another tragedy was the black paint coming off the backs of the rush chairs which had been rather hastily provided, and ruining at least one pretty dress! We had a tiny chapel, afterwards the pantry, on the ground floor. The Warden and Mrs. Talbot had taken great pains with this, and it was a great deal better than nothing; but I must say, when he came to read prayers there, which he occasionally did, and which we felt a great privilege, it seemed several sizes too small for him! And there was a little fox-terrier, who also made himself rather too audible and conspicuous on these occasions. He did not long remain a member of our body; though, if I remember right, he was the gift of my kind friend, Mr. Coxe, of the Bodleian.

The members of our council, or rather committee, as they called themselves in those days, were all very kind to us; and I must specially mention Miss Milman, sister of the Bishop of Calcutta, who used in her capacity of treasurer

to inspect the house accounts, amounting then to the modest sum of £10, or thereabouts, per week. Even that seemed a terrible amount of money, and now I look back on it I feel what an anxious time these first few years were. The house had cost £3,000—every penny it was worth, I am sure—and there was still the periodical ground rent to pay. How well I remember dear Miss Milman, who used to come faithfully every Wednesday “to do the bills,” congratulating herself and the Hall when the Lent Term came that there would be no ground-rent to make a hole in our small savings!

Another member of our committee to whom we could always look for help and encouragement was the then Principal of Jesus College, Dr. Harper. His tall, fine physique and cheerful presence always seemed to bring warmth and hopefulness. It was greatly needed, for we were just in the state of a recently-lighted fire, feeling as if the least puff of wind might blow us out. How anxiously we “counted heads” as the new applications from students came in! Sometimes these were very amusing; the following may serve as a specimen: “I should be delighted,” says my correspondent, “to place her under your care for a time. She is seventeen; she can draw and play on the piano nicely; she knows French pretty well, and can also make pastry and useful puddings, or a plum or plain cake; and so she would be useful, and it would be good for her to be amongst a few ladies of

her own age and standing." I fear we turned a deaf ear to this appeal.

By degrees, however, things began to smile on us. It was a moment of great triumph when Miss E. D. Bradby gained a First Class in Hon. English Literature. The "school" was then unrecognised by the University, but the standard of work was about the same as that of an "honour" school. A little later Miss Ellen Sutton gained our first "First" in Hon. Modern History. Alas! she is now no longer living, but I shall always have a warm remembrance of her unobtrusive, simple goodness.

To return, however, to the very early days, our library would not have filled a single shelf. It consisted at first of exactly two books: a quite unintelligible Treatise on Sound and Colour, with (I think) coloured diagrams, which some one gave us; and a well-worn copy of "The Newcomes" (appropriate title!), given us by Mr. Arthur Johnson. By degrees, however, books came in. Newnham generously presented us with some—a friendly act, for which we were especially grateful; and Messrs. Murray and Macmillan were also very kind in giving us books. As time went on we had other gifts from private donors. Among these we shall always cherish the memory of Mr. Ruskin. He came and paid us a visit in 1884, and was delighted and delightful.

TO MY SISTER

" OXFORD,

" December 6, 1884.

" . . . We had such fun yesterday ; a visit at the Hall from Mr. Ruskin. He had been to Somerville before, and we were all very jealous. However, Maggie Benson¹ caught him at the School of Art, and made him promise to come. . . . So while I was having tea in the drawing-room, in walks Mr. Ruskin all by himself, in cap and gown, which he deposited in the hall. We made friends directly ; he assured me he didn't care how much tea he drank ; so after administering one cup upstairs, I took him down to the big room, where all the girls were assembled ; and, of course, very much on the *qui vive*. We showed him the Lady Margaret cast, with which he was very much struck, only he quite agreed it ought to be recumbent. Then we plunged into a grand discussion about all sorts of things. He is a great admirer of Miss Edgeworth. We all abused her, of course, especially Laura in 'Rosamond.' He says his admiration for Miss Edgeworth is so great, that from his youth upward he has been always accustomed to ask himself at any critical moment, 'What would Laura say ?' He praised Miss Edgeworth's common sense. 'Here you never ask yourselves, "What girl has the most common sense ?" but "Which is the cleverest ?"' Upon which Maggie asked him, 'But how are you to get common sense ?'—a question which I don't think he was

¹ Then a student at L. M. Hall.

quite equal to answering, except by saying that you were to study people who had it.

“Then we got to husbands and wives—whether it was a good thing for wives to idolize their husbands? I am afraid I quoted the old saying about one fool marrying in order to have another fool to tell him he is a wise man; and he said, Well, he had a great friend, a painter, who was much the worse for having a wife who only existed to admire him, and for whom the world entirely consisted of her husband’s paintings. Then he wanted to know if we had read Sir Charles Grandison. I fear I was almost the only person who had; and we discussed Lady G.; and he maintained she was quite the right sort of person for a wife. I said ‘Yes; very good for Lord G.; but he was not a man of genius. Geniuses ought to be wrapped in cotton wool’—Mr. R. demurring much to this last statement.

“Then, or soon after, Arthur Blakesley¹ (who had been accidentally asked on the same day) came in and boldly attacked Mr. Ruskin with all sorts of questions. Mr. R. talked of some new novel of Swiss life he was very much taken by; and the refinement of peasantry under certain conditions. A. B. of course stood up for a flat country and the sense of freedom, and Mr. Ruskin said, ‘But what good is a sense of freedom for you, I should like to know?’ So I said, ‘Of course, Mr. Blakesley and I are bound to stand up for Lincolnshire.’ And he said, Oh, Lincolnshire was different! There was the sense

¹ Son of our kind friend and neighbour, the Dean of Lincoln. He closed a career of exceptional promise before he had reached middle age, and will never cease to be regretted by those who knew him.

—wasn't there?—of the grand cathedral hovering over the whole county. Then I asked him how he accounted for Tennyson's being a Lincolnshire man; and, of course, he attacked Tennyson as compared with Scott. 'Scott makes you feel you are walking on a Scotch moor; Tennyson only pokes the brambles into your eyes, and blows the cobwebs in your face.' Then Arthur wanted to know if he didn't admire *In Memoriam*. And he said, of course he did—'the most perfect English imaginable'—and so on; but he must say, when your friends were gone, he thought much the best way was to set to work to make new ones. Tennyson's view on those subjects was not half as wholesome as Dante's. 'Instead of thinking you see your friend in the sunset, you had much better go out into the world and work as hard as you can'; and he quoted some lines—I think those of Wordsworth—about:

'The eye,
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.'

Then I challenged them to quote some lines of 'Christian Hope' from *In Memoriam*, upon which Maggie (looking very shy and very engaging) quoted:

'Love was and is my Lord and King.'
—*In Memoriam*, cxxvi.

—in which we all felt she had scored one off Mr. Ruskin.

"I suggested to him that perhaps he would like to come and see the chapel; but he would not hear of moving, and went on talking about Tennyson and Browning, who lives in London—

‘and that’s why he can’t get his verses to run smoothly’—and all sorts of other things. ‘What a pity they did not go for walks instead of playing tennis!’ Miss Lucas¹ gave him a list of the walks they *did* go, which seemed to gratify him. I said they often went by train, and got out and walked afterwards. ‘Oh, yes; risking your poor little lives every time you do!’ Then we took him to see the chapel, which he thought sadly bare. I told him we kept it so on purpose, as we wanted our friends to contribute things. He said it was dreadful, that in a rich country like England, better provision should not be made in a place set apart for women’s education. Then we showed him the gymnasium; and then, as every one of them was anxious he should go and see *her* room, I wonder he did not enter a protest. However, he seemed really to enjoy it, and went to room after room. ‘I can’t think why it is, but somehow I like seeing all the pretty things you have. Why is it that we should object to this very much in the case of men, but with girls it somehow seems all right? No; I should not like you to live like nuns.’ Altogether he was in a most complaisant and kindly humour. ‘How nice it was to be an old man of sixty-five, and able to see all these delightful girls!’ I took him to my room. ‘What a fine head!’ he said, when he saw my father’s photograph. . . . Evidently, from the way he spoke, he was devoted to his own father and mother.

“Then we took him to the library, and asked him to write his name.” ‘Oh,’ he said, ‘but if I do that, it looks as if I were not to

¹ The first of our students to obtain Honours in Classical Moderations.

come again !' However, he duly signed his name, adding, 'a most grateful guest.' 'Isn't it a saint's day ?' (he added). 'It feels somehow as if it must be a saint's day.' We got him also to write his name in an odd volume we happened to have of 'Modern Painters.' 'A very ugly name' (Ruskin) he said. He is going to send us all sorts of nice things. He was *much* pleased with Maggie's drawing ; said we ought to make her our drawing mistress ; and in fact, he seemed in a general state of captivation all round."

The following letter came shortly afterwards :

"84 WOODSTOCK ROAD, OXFORD.

"December 5, 1884.

"DEAR MISS WORDSWORTH,

"I was so lifted up and carried off both my head and my feet last night, that to-day I venture to ask place on the library shelves for all the books I've written that I'm proud of ! and also for a little wear-and-tear and lie-about edition of Miss Edgeworth (two missing volumes shall be found and sent as Fate allows) ; and I'm going to look out for a pretty 'Sir Charles Grandison'—and will you ever let me come any more, when I'm so tiresome afterwards ?

"Ever gratefully and respectfully,

"Yours and your flock's,

"J. RUSKIN."

Not long afterwards we received from him some beautiful specimens of rock-crystal, a good many of his later works bound in blue russia

leather, and Maria Edgeworth's *novels*—not her "Parent's Assistant" and juvenile tales, which we should have much preferred—but this was probably due to a blunder. But perhaps the most important gift to our library was from our kind friend, Sir W. Herschel, who undertook to give us the whole of Murray's English Dictionary as it came out, and has faithfully kept his word.

Another kind gift was the harmonium for our little chapel, towards which £10 was given by Miss Charlotte Ward, and another £10 by Dr. King, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, who was on our council from the first. Christ Church was somewhat divided on the subject of women's education. Certainly, Dr. Liddon and his circle did not approve of us, though he could not be otherwise than kind and courteous personally. I met him once or twice at our mutual friend's, Professor Bonamy Price, where he was in his happiest vein. He was an excellent story-teller, and I wish I could remember his stories. There was one which I dare say is familiar to other survivors of those days, how he used to go to the city churches to see what the Sunday services were like, and on one occasion (at some quaint old city church of the Queen Anne period) he was the solitary worshipper. He described, with much humour, the disgust of the clergyman, who evidently did not expect any congregation, and had hoped to have a pleasant afternoon out at Hampstead or elsewhere, at having to go

through the whole service. I forget if this included a sermon! Canon Liddon's handsome face, lit up with fun, as it would be on those occasions, was well contrasted with the fine countenance of our hostess, Mrs. Bonamy Price, with its Juno-like features and soft, picturesque grey hair, set off most likely by a black dress, old lace and diamonds. She also was a member of our council, and a very generous one. Professor Bonamy Price was a genial and entertaining talker. Unfortunately, whenever he saw me, two stories always suggested themselves to his mind. One, à propos of my name, was a story turning on Wordsworth's sonnet on Westminster Bridge. The Professor, when on a visit to America, had had a great dispute with some literary light (could it have been Lowell?) on the line, "The river windeth at his own sweet will," which Professor Price upheld was the right reading, instead of "runneth," or some other less appropriate word. So told, the story sounds tame enough, but it was by no means tame when told with all the detail, warmth of colouring and vivacity which the speaker, who was almost like a Frenchman in his animated way of talking, lent to the narration. The other story, which used also to be told with all the honours, was one of a visit he paid to (I think) the Ladies' College, Cheltenham, where he asked the students to define what was the chief factor in civilization; and one young lady delighted him by describing it as "progressive desire"! He used to drama-

tize this story for about ten minutes in a most entertaining way.

When I look back on those days it seems to me that we were rather heavily handicapped at Lady Margaret Hall in more ways than one. First of all, there were the old Oxford Conservatives, who disliked any change. It would be invidious to mention names, but such doubtless was the fact. To them we were "the thin edge of the wedge." To these were united some of the High Anglican party, with Dr. Liddon at their head; most of the clergy, including our kind old family friend, Dean Burgon, who was sorely torn in half between his affection for my father's daughter and his dislike of the "modern woman."¹

The old-fashioned Anglican view was once expressed to me by a cousin of my own, when he said to me, years before this date, that he "did not see how any woman could do any public work for God except by joining a sisterhood." There seemed a curious dread in some quarters of developing the intellectual side of a woman's life; and we were all the more grateful to Dr. King (whose excellent mother was one of our kindest friends), Canon Scott Holland, Canon Paget, and later the Rev. Charles Gore, for being successively on our Council, and not taking fright at our poor little efforts to

¹ Many of us must still possess a caricature of those days representing the Dean as ill in bed and being attended (as in a nightmare) by a bevy of charming lady doctors and science students.

improve our minds and, as time went on, when tennis, boating, hockey, and cycling were gradually introduced, to develop our *physique*, in most of which things, as well as skating, Miss Pearson *pars maxima fuit*. Her gift of a boathouse to the Hall was one which deserves, and has, our lasting gratitude.

Another caricature evoked by the controversy as to admitting women to University examinations (not degrees) amused me much. There was the ascetic celibate clergyman with a shocked expression on his face, as he shouted, "*Non placet!*" and the country parson with a little girl under each arm, vociferating, "*Placet!*" Certainly, no one had more reason to bless the "Woman's Movement" than the clergymen's daughters; and what a blessing to the country many of them have been!

But while a large section of the clerical world fought shy of us because we were supposed to be advanced and strong-minded, another section of society fought equally shy of us because we were supposed to be, as Mrs. Talbot expressed it to me in one of her early letters, "a hotbed of Ritualism." One cannot help feeling amused at the charge now, but there is no doubt that our Churchmanship cost us the favour of many city companies, and deprived us of a good many scholarships, legacies, etc., which we otherwise should have had. In fact, we were like the bat in the fable, neither birds nor beasts, but shunned by both!

Looking back to those days, I see how fortunate it was for myself that I had first made acquaintance with Oxford society independently of the Hall, as I had often stayed in Keble Terrace with my brother and his wife. Her father, Mr. Coxe, was perhaps the most popular man in Oxford. One despairs of conveying to any one who did not know him the charm of his personality. He was always my *beau idéal* of a gentleman. His fascination was just as great for a poor little cottage child or the very humblest of his parishioners, as for the foreign *savants* or the aristocratic acquaintance who welcomed him at their houses, or in the hunting field, where he was occasionally to be seen. It was part of his universal sympathy that it not only embraced all human beings, but even horses, dogs, and cats. He was a man of great shrewdness, especially in his own profession, as the well-known story of "Simonides" shows; endowed with fine tastes, but with much too strong a sense of humour to be what is called aesthetic. He was a born mimic. I suppose there was not a man in the University whom he could not have "taken off" if he had chosen. But his kindness of heart was so great that no one was ever the worse for his wit. He was a deeply religious man, and his humour never had a trace of coarseness or flippancy. It is a real source of regret to me that in fifty years no one will remember him, and that it is too probable that—apart from Dean Burgon's admirable little sketch of him in

“Twelve Good Men” and the not very satisfactory portrait in the Bodleian—he will survive only in formal documents and professional records.

“Thou soul of God’s best earthly mould,
Thou happy soul! and can it be
That these two words of glittering gold
Are all that must remain of thee?”

CHAPTER XIV

1880

OXFORD FRIENDSHIPS

As I have said, Christ Church was very far from being of one mind about women's education ; but there was another important college—Balliol—which was always very friendly to the movement. No doubt this was partly due to the influence of Professor T. H. Green, whose comparatively early death from scarlet fever, in the spring of 1882, was a most serious loss to Oxford. Perhaps he, more than any other man, had contributed to her emancipation from the hard utilitarianism of J. S. Mill and the materialism of Herbert Spencer, and to bring the influence of Hegel and the idealists into the Oxford lecture rooms. Though not a Churchman in the strict sense of the word, Professor Green was a pioneer in the new development of religious thought which was ere long to express itself in "Lux Mundi." The world had been accustomed to "Christian Evidences" of a formal and, in some cases, almost mechanical kind. But the "English Hegelians" showed that religion had a

place in metaphysics as well as in history and authoritative Church tradition ; and the book in question gave abundant proof of this. If I were asked to name the three men whose influence told most on the new school of theology, I should say Bishop Westcott, Robert Browning, and T. H. Green, and I ought to add the name of a somewhat older man, Professor J. B. Mozley, who, in his great sermon on War and his handling of Old Testament difficulties, showed a breadth and sagacity of view not unworthy of Bishop Butler. "A great artist sees masses, not edges," is a phrase of Mr. Ruskin's, which is eminently true in theology. It is by watching the great general lines of tendency as they are shown in history, not by worrying over minute "difficulties," or trying to define what lies beyond our powers of definition, that we must hope to make progress ; and this has been increasingly felt in the last thirty years.

Side by side with the advance of philosophical and religious thought, was a movement on philanthropic lines. The belief gained ground that (to quote Mr. Illingworth's description of Lotze) "we do not understand things simply by analysing their structure or composition, but by discerning their place in this universal system, their relation to the purpose of the world. Hence the true realm of reality consists in personal beings, since only such can realize ideal ends, or objects of worth ; and centres in God . . . and the bond of this realm of reality

is love, which has 'eternal and supreme worth.'"¹ This belief inevitably led to our regarding ourselves as members of a body; it was, in fact, the teaching of the Epistle to the Ephesians expressed in modern terms. Hence the great philanthropic and social movements of our time. Mr. Green himself took a great interest in the civic life of Oxford, and became a member of its municipality; and Oxford scarcely knows how deeply it is indebted to him and to his devoted wife, of whom only the fact that she is still living among us forbids me to speak as I could wish. The present Master of Balliol, as well as his predecessor, Dr. Caird, and his wife, have been among our kindest friends. Among Green's most ardent disciples was Arnold Toynbee. He was indeed an idealist who did not shrink from the burden of practical duty. Young, with a fine, beautifully cut face, an enthusiastic, eager manner, and a most winning personality, he could never be forgotten by any one who came into contact with him, certainly not by those of our students who had the privilege of attending his lectures. His early death left an unforgettable impression, not only on Oxford, but on English society.

The Master of Balliol, Professor Jowett, was always most friendly to women's education. I recall a delightful reading given by him to an audience of Oxford lady-students, of Boswell's "Johnson," where he did full justice to the dramatic situation in which Johnson found

¹ "Reason and Revelation," ch. ii., p. 43.

himself on being inveigled into dining with Jack Wilkes. He had, as is well known, a very considerable sense of humour, and often showed it in conversation. Once when I was dining at his house he came up to me and said, "Ah, Miss Wordsworth, we tell these young people it is better to be good than to be clever" (or some equally copy-book sentiment), "but we don't think so, do we?" I felt inclined to say, "Yes, we do," but I did not like to spoil the joke by saying so. Oddly enough, I never felt afraid of him, as I believe many people did. He gave one the impression of being rather a nervous man—perhaps I should say of not being a man so possessed by a dominating idea as to forget himself. In Arnold Toynbee one felt the eagerness of a spirit which took him out of himself and almost lifted him metaphorically off his feet. Jowett gave one the feeling of a man who would never, under any circumstances, say "neck or nothing." He could never have been a Selwyn or a Patteson, would "never put (Fate) to the touch to win or lose it all."

He was kind, shrewd, unselfish, generous, infinitely painstaking, and yet somehow I should say he was timid. "Jowett," said Mr. Cox to him on one occasion, at a time when they were having frequent disputes over Bodleian reforms, "I can't think why people are ever afraid of you." "Not half so much afraid of me as I am of you," was the Professor's reply. He would not have liked to make himself ridiculous, and

generally speaking, the men who have most forcibly impressed others have not minded ridicule. However, I always felt particularly grateful to him for his kind friendliness, in view of the fact that in the days of "Essays and Reviews," my father had criticized him pretty freely in print, and that he probably had not forgotten the circumstance. I met many interesting people from time to time at his house. A glimpse of Browning was a great pleasure to me. Robert Browning did not look (and probably was not) very high-bred (though by no means vulgar), but I liked him because there was no "pose" about him. So far as I remember, his conversation—he was just opposite me, I think, at dinner—was about Italy and the enthusiasm felt there for Mr. Gladstone. With Jowett's future biographer, Dr. Evelyn Abbott, I became more really intimate, as I often used (when I found he liked a companion) to walk round the parks by his chair. An invalid by accident, he struck me as one of the most healthy minded men I had ever known. No higher tribute could surely be offered to the old Oxford classical training and to the great writers of the past, than to recognize how wonderfully they enriched the life of one who was deprived of many of the usual pursuits and sources of interest.

One feels tempted sometimes to wish that Sophocles, for instance, ὁ δ' εὐκολος μὲν ἐνθάδ', εὐκολος δ' ἐκεῖ, could have known how the strong vitality and high poetical feeling of

his creations, Œdipus, Antigone, or Philoctetes, cheered and invigorated the student, in what, to the Greek poet, was an unknown region, and in an age and amid surroundings inconceivable by him. A great poet is indeed immortal, and confers somewhat of his own immortality on all who love him.

The following extract from a letter written by Dr. Evelyn Abbott in 1890 may interest some of his old friends :

“ I don't think I agree with you about rewards. There are no such things except in the spirit, and in the spirit we receive them here. Supposing that we *are* fortunate enough to have done any good in any way, the consciousness of it is the only reward worth having ; and, if not, as commonly happens—still,

“ ‘ That which I strove to be,
And was not, comforts me.’ ”

“ If the Humanity Society's medal were given me, I should like it, but I should not wear it, or let any one know that I had got it. Why should I ? ‘ I had but done my duty, as a man is bound to do.’ When one has the luck to do the right thing, seize the smelling-bottle when some one is fainting—why should one go into the street with the intelligence ? Of course, rewards are excellent things, and keep people up to the mark, and all that—but there is no satisfaction in them, is there ?

“ . . . Tatton has been with me, very full of conversation and geist. . . . A troop of niecés

have just come to my sister-in-law's, in order to go to the High School on Tuesday.

“HEADINGTON HILL,

“September 14, 1890.”

But once more to return to the affairs of Lady Margaret Hall. Our numbers went on steadily growing; statistics can be found elsewhere. A very important event took place in 1884, when, in consequence of a petition put forward by the friends of women's education, including 122 resident M.A.'s, a statute was passed in Convocation by 464 votes to 321, opening to women Honour Moderations, and the Final Honour Schools of Mathematics, Natural Science, and Modern History. It was not till 1893 that *all* “Honours” Examinations were open to women; but I have always regarded the day of this vote in Convocation, April 29, 1884, as the “turning-point” in our history. Personally, I always associate it with fritillaries. In those days the meadows near Oxford were not so jealously guarded, as alas, they now have to be! and we had gone for a walk to pick these characteristically Oxford flowers, and we were returning with our spoils, when Mr. Prickard (of New College) met us and told us the good news. I used to feel there was something symbolical about the incident.

With regard to degrees for women, I have always felt with the poet;
And my conviction has always been that if

“’Tis not in mortals to command success,

But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.”

women *did the work*, that was the great thing, and that, sooner or later, they would get the credit for it.

As I glance over the "Hall Reports" of those old days, I cannot but think how true it is that we should not despise the day of small things. It took us a good while even to get "Lady Margaret's legs." With much difficulty I had induced Mr. Wright, the clerk of the works at Westminster, who was devoted to my father, to let me have a plaster-cast of the beautiful metal effigy of Lady Margaret. He made an attempt, but could not satisfy himself; the delicate undercutting of the hands could not be reproduced, and I had much difficulty in procuring the cast, which was only a three-quarter length. For a long time it stood in an erect position on a sort of side-board beside the fire in the Old Hall dining-room on the window side. "When were we to have Lady Margaret's legs?" was a *standing* joke (no pun intended) at our committees. At last I succeeded in extorting the inferior limbs of the poor lady from Mr. Wright, and when our chapel was built—1884-5—got the recess made to receive her on the north side and enshrined her there. I had to get hold of the little old Italian seller of casts, whose picturesque figure many old residents in Oxford will remember, to stick her together; and now she lies in dignified repose, facing the east and lending a kind of ancestral grace and dignity to what is in other respects a very modern building.

While on the subject of the chapel I should like to add that the stained glass, the gift of friends and students, is by Messrs. Burlison and Grylls. Dear Nelly Benson helped us about this, and it was she who asked her father¹—probably on one of their rides—to suggest a motto for the figure of St. Margaret, and he suggested “*Ex singulis Margaritis*” (Rev. xxi. 21).

I gave the St. Christopher window in memory of my father. I have always liked the contrast between the woman in her weakness, but, fortified by Divine strength, overcoming the powers of evil as typified by the dragon, and the strong man dedicating his great powers to the service of the (apparently) weak and helpless child.

A valuable gift to the chapel was the old panel picture (ascribed to Gaddo Gaddi) of the Flagellation, which was given us by Miss Emily Edwardes, and which she had great difficulty in getting leave to send out of Italy, the authorities keeping a jealous watch over such treasures. The beautiful little hanging for the reading desk is the work of Dorothy Bradby, and the edge of the altar cloth was worked and given by Edith Argles, to whom we are in countless ways so much indebted.

The marble pavement of the chapel was given by Mr. G. A. Spottiswoode, whose acquaintance with my father began when the former was a Harrow boy, and whose daughter Mabel was for some time a student at the Hall.

¹ Then Archbishop of Canterbury.

Mr. Scott Holland gave the altar cross, and a pair of altar candlesticks was given by an anonymous donor out of "regard for the late Bishop of Lincoln." The altar plate was the gift of the Warden and Mrs. Talbot. Miss Bishop gave us an "Arundel" picture, and Miss C. M. Rivington a credence table. The alms-dish, altar lectern, and service books were gifts from some kind friends among our students.

The chapel was opened on February 2, 1886, Bishop Stubbs very kindly being present.

But I have been led on somewhat to anticipate the course of events, and perhaps shall be excused for introducing here one or two more personal recollections. My brother John, who, on Dr. Mozley's serious illness, had delivered his Divinity lectures for him, and who had been linked with him in ties of the closest friendship (one of whose fruits was the formation, in company with other friends of a small missionary association, which in its turn paved the way for the Oxford Mission to Calcutta), was in 1880 appointed Bampton Lecturer, and delivered a series of lectures which were afterwards embodied in his book "The One Religion." While in course of delivering these lectures he was one day out riding with Miss Janet Johnson (a niece by marriage of Dr. Mozley, and daughter of the late "Observer"), when he imprudently tried to get through a gate without dismounting from his horse, and was severely cut in the leg. Miss Johnson, with much presence of mind,

rendered what "first aid" she could, and he was eventually taken to Pyrton, a neighbouring village, the home of his brother-in-law, Rev. Hilgrove Coxe, and attended by some one on the spot. Unfortunately, the wound was allowed to heal too fast, and the results were so very serious that it was found necessary to take him, ill as he was, to his house in Keble Terrace. Owing to the skill of Mr. Hussey, who said that he was only *just* in time to stop the premature healing of the wound, which would have been most disastrous, he eventually made a good recovery, but he was for a time in a most critical state, and very feverish.

One day he was talking so restlessly about some omission or alteration in his lectures, that it was thought best I should go to see him and hear what he wanted done. Ill as he was, he was perfectly explicit in describing the book of reference, where to find it, etc. ; and I was able to find out the lines, which I believe he had kept repeating time after time, "I mind I hung on the gallows-tree"—the song of Odin (see "One Religion," Lecture V).

He seemed much relieved when he was told it had all been put right, and I have always thought since then, how much better it is, when people are ill, to let them relieve their minds, if they possibly can, even at the risk of some temporary excitement, than to deny them that relief under pretext of "keeping them quiet."

Dr. Talbot, then Warden of Keble, was most

kind in delivering one or two of the lectures for him.

I have already mentioned the name of Miss Milman, sister of the Bishop of Calcutta, who, on her brother's death, had come to reside in Oxford. She was, of course, most warmly interested in the foundation of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta, though she did not live to see its development. She died at the close of 1883, and one of the last things that gave her pleasure was to hear of the successful bazaar which had taken place in aid of the funds of the Mission. Mr. Whitehead (the present Bishop of Madras) was for a short time on the Council of the Hall, and the Rev. M. F. Argles, brother of *our* Miss Argles, was a zealous and earnest member of the Mission. I need scarcely do more than allude to his illness, contracted in India, and his coming home to England, only to die. But as has already been said in the case of Arnold Toynbee, his death gave a new emphasis to the teaching of his life and example, and the earnestness with which the Mission has since been developed is the best tribute to his memory.

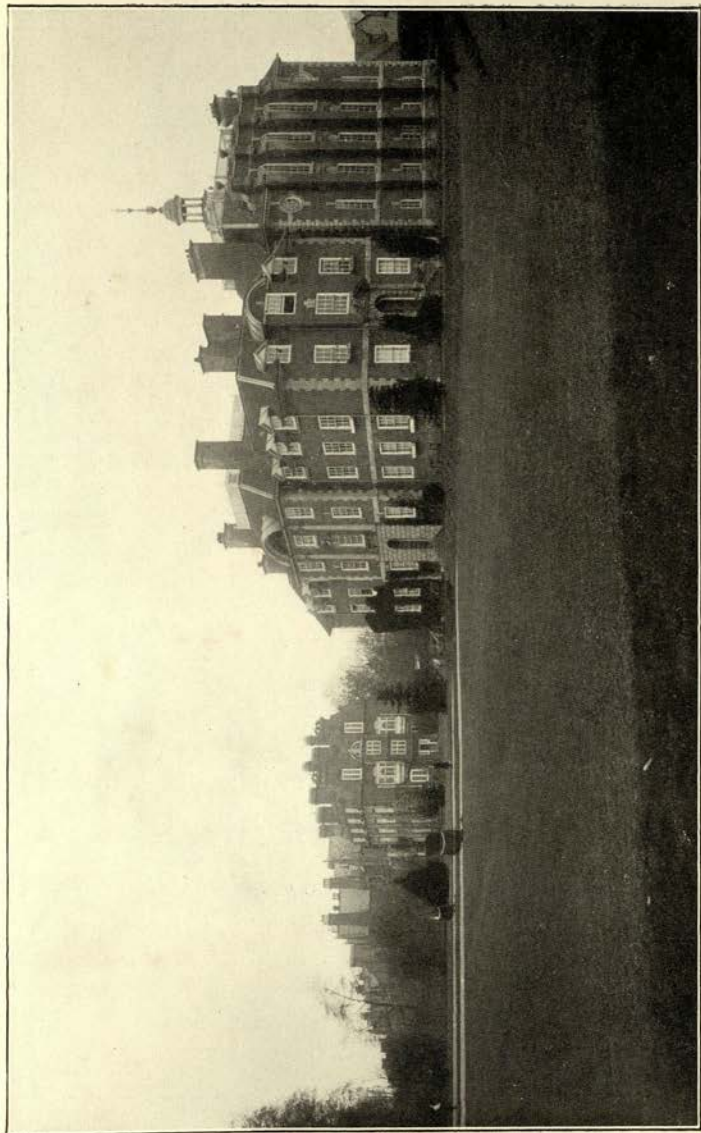
This is hardly the place to speak of personal and family losses, but the death of our dear mother, October 28, 1884, and of our dear father, March 20, 1885, cannot be passed over in silence. It was a time of unspeakable sorrow to us all. There was a happy fitness—though of course it was an unintentional coincidence—in the *following* October 28 (St. Simon and St. Jude) being

fixed upon for the consecration of our brother to the Bishopric of Salisbury.

It will always be a pleasure to me to think that our dear father and mother visited the Hall in the summer of 1881. It was, I think, the only time they saw it. A kind tribute was made to his memory at a somewhat later date by the Council, who inscribed the words "Veritas—Caritas" on the two sides of the south (garden) door of Wordsworth Building. "Veritas" was our family motto and (though based on a false etymology of the surname) was one we all try to live up to, but my father often altered it to "Veritas in Caritate" (cp. *Eph.* iv. 15 ἀληθεύοντες ἐν ἀγάπῃ).

While on the subject of mottoes, I may add that I am responsible for the φιλοτιμέσθαι ἡσυχάζειν (1 *Thess.* iv. 11) which is inscribed on what was the dining-room mantelpiece in the Old Hall. It did not meet with the approbation of some of our earlier students, to whom the idea of quiescence did not appeal, and who profanely transposed the words "Study to be quiet" into "Be quiet to study"! At Miss Argles' suggestion καὶ πράσσειν τὰ ἴδια was added later, and I think much preferred! Our Hall motto proper was a joint affair. The daisies, of course, were inevitable; and while two or three of us were standing over the dining-room fire discussing the subject, I said I should like something to express the idea of springing from earth and looking up to the sun.

I got no further than "Ex humo" (or some such word), but Edith Langridge said, in her gently suggestive way, "Isn't there some word like "solum" which would convey the meaning? Of course we all felt after that it *must* be "ex solo ad solem," and were, and continue to be, much pleased with our motto. On the eastern wall of the Wordsworth Building is the inscription, "In lumine Tuo videbimus lumen," placed where it may catch the earliest rays of the rising sun. Having mentioned the name of Miss Langridge, I think it would be well to say something of the external activities of Lady Margaret Hall.



LADY MARGARET HALL IN 1911.

(From a photograph by Frith & Co.)

The gables above pyramidal shrub to left are those of the original "Old Hall"; beyond them is "Gunfield," and in the extreme distance a glimpse of "St. Hugh's."

CHAPTER XV

1897

THE L. M. H. "SETTLEMENT" IN LAMBETH

AMONG our earliest attempts to do good to our fellow-creatures was that of trying to get some of the Oxford shopgirls to come to us for one evening in the week. Those who came were very pleasant and well behaved, but the distance was rather too great, and they had quite a number (so it seemed) of other evening engagements! Another more successful attempt was to visit the Infirmary on Sunday afternoons, and sing hymns in the different wards. This went on for a good many years, and perhaps may be going on even now. A more serious effort was made when we, in common with Somerville College and others, helped to start the Women's University Settlement (1888) in Nelson Square, London. Miss Argles was for some time at its head, and among the Lady Margaret students who were specially interested in it were Mary Eleanor Benson and Constance Bartlett. About the same time a guild of Christian work was started at the Hall, and a "working party" organized for one even-

ing in the week. I fear the amount of needle-work produced was not very large, but it served to keep up the feeling of doing something for others.

As time went on, the desire which had always been felt to have a "Settlement of our very own" took a more definite shape. Its actual genesis was due to a Gaudy—July 31–August 4, 1896—when a meeting was held which practically decided the question. The scheme had the warm support of the (then) Bishop of Rochester, now of Winchester. We were very fortunate in our choice of Miss Langridge as head. It is difficult to speak of her as one could wish during her lifetime, but the house at 129 Kennington Road, so tastefully and suitably furnished, bore as unmistakably the impress of her practical talent as the work and character of the "Settlement," from the very beginning, did of the spiritual life which she fostered and stimulated.

Subsequently Miss Langridge undertook to organize a Sisterhood to work at Barisal in connection with the Oxford Mission to Calcutta, where she and her "sisters" are still doing excellent and most important work. Meanwhile, the settlement in Kennington Road, under the wise government of Miss Pearson and Miss Dorothy Kempe, has gone on developing both as regards numbers and efficiency, and has proved a delightful rallying-point for "old L. M. H.'s" in London, as well as attracted many workers from other sources. It depends, to a considerable

extent, for funds on subscriptions from old and present students of the Hall, and has been most fortunate in its resident and non-resident helpers, and as affording temporary training to workers elsewhere.

Meanwhile, the buildings at Lady Margaret Hall itself have been gradually developed, first by a small addition to the original white house—this addition was soon doubled—then by the building of the block known as Wordsworth Building, opened October 15, 1896, on a freehold site. The purchase of this freehold at a cost of £1,200 per acre (£5,300) ! though a wise and opportune step, and one that events have amply justified, in addition to the expenses of building, crippled us for some years ; and in looking backward I feel how thankful we ought to be that, when our affairs stood (as they certainly did) "upon a razor's edge," no great catastrophe befel the Hall. A serious epidemic, a fire, or any internal discords or troubles might easily have ruined our prospects and upset all our calculations. Among those to whom we were most indebted at this critical time were Sir W. J. Herschel, who took the greatest personal interest in our building, and even used to go to feel the mortar with his own hands to see if there was hair enough in it ! and Mrs. Arnold Toynbee, whose indefatigable exertions as house treasurer, head gardener, furnisher and paper-hanger, will hardly need recalling to any habitué of Lady Margaret Hall. Mr. Arthur Butler, now, alas, no more ! was one

of our very kindest friends. Mrs. Romanes not only gave us a most generous scholarship, but sent us her daughter Ethel, of whom we have had just reason to be proud. Another most kind benefactor was Mr. James Cropper, whose handsome face, crowned with picturesque white hair, was always a joy to look upon. He founded a valuable scholarship at the Hall; and his practical knowledge was of great value in the affairs of our new building. We celebrated our opening by a great dinner (Council and students) on October 15, 1896. At the close we sang "Auld Lang Syne," with hands crossed, left and right, and it is strange now to recall the energy with which his hand went waving mine up and down.

Alas, a few months later he had passed away! The names of many other benefactors, happily still living, will easily suggest themselves. In the course of our development we have had a variety of "hostels." The most important of these was Fyfield House, where Miss Sellar took charge and, I need hardly say, with most beneficial results. She acted for several years as Vice-Principal to the Hall, and students and servants alike had reason to be grateful to her wise, unselfish goodness.

Another of our hostels, that at 3 Crick Road, is associated with the dear and sorrowful memory of one who was for a time its head, Mary Talbot, daughter of Mr. J. G. Talbot, and one of our most delightful students. A near relative used

to say of her that Mary made her heretical, because she made her disbelieve in the doctrine of original sin. Certainly she seemed almost faultless, though her natural humility would have been shocked at the statement. Her graceful height, brilliant dark brown eyes, and rich brunette colouring added to the charm of goodness which would have made a plain woman lovable; and it was hardly a matter of surprise that she should have become engaged to the brother of a college friend, Rev. W. O. (afterwards Archdeacon) Burrows, and now Bishop of Truro, during the period of her stay at the hostel. Short as her time was there, her influence on the little band of students (the "Crickets" as they were called) was very great. Miss Holgate kindly took her place, at very short notice, and proved herself an efficient substitute. Alas, Mary Burrows died after a brief year of married life, leaving one little daughter behind her (May 25, 1897). Her old friends among the students founded the "Mary Talbot" scholarship in her memory, and also put up a beautiful copper electric chandelier in the chapel, with a suitable inscription to the same effect. Miss Talbot's very great friend, Mary Eleanor (Nelly) Benson, had died October 27, 1890. I have little to add to the record which her father and brother have given of her, except to say that she was one of the best and ablest of our students—one of those people of whom we say that "they can do anything they please." She had a full measure

of the literary and artistic gifts of her family, and had besides inherited a large share of her father's earnestness and practical and administrative ability. Had she lived, she would, undoubtedly, "have made her mark," as the saying is. But I doubt if that unworldly, eager nature would ever have been satisfied with earthly success. One felt, in thinking of her, the truth of St. Augustine's saying "Fecisti nos ad te"; and when her call came one could not but trust that the "I shall be satisfied" which she puts into the mouth of one of the characters in a tale written shortly before her death, was certainly true of her dear self.

To speak of Nelly Benson brings back Effie Murchison. To most of the readers of this memoir, hers will be little more than a name, but she is a very real memory to me. Her health was really far too uncertain for life at a college; she was lame, and belonged to a delicate, consumptive family. Her father had been a well-known London physician, but had died early, and she, poor child, was still in mourning for him. I think of her leaning on her crutches, with her broad intelligent brow, wavy dark hair and thoughtful eyes, and usually a cheerful smile on her face. She only needed health to have been an able and efficient woman. Unhappily, her health soon broke down completely; and Nelly Benson's affectionate solicitude for her was most pathetic. Effie had to leave the Hall and winter abroad, where her friend Miss Anstruther was

The L. M. H. "Settlement" in Lambeth 183.

with her, but her life was prolonged for only a year or two. Those who once knew and loved her will never forget her.

It would be impossible to write about all the "old students" whom we have lost; but one word must be said of Irene Nichols, the very soul of generosity and unselfishness. In common with her brother Bowyer, who is so well known in the literary world, she possessed the true artistic temperament; but her love of art came second to her intense sympathy for suffering and her passionate hatred of cruelty and injustice. A small exhibition founded in her memory will, at all events, keep her name alive, but it is a poor shadow of that vivid, chivalrous personality.

The name of Agnes Tait (daughter of the Archbishop) recalls a very different vision—a winning creature with fair wavy golden hair (set off, as I remember her, by a sort of white muslin overall, partly concealing the black dress which she wore as mourning for her father, whose pet and plaything she had evidently been, and whom she missed unutterably). She sang charmingly, was full of fun and grace and fascination, and I always used to say it was the proudest moment of my life when I had got her to work for, and actually to *pass*, the First Examination for women.

She married Rev. J. H. Ellison not long after leaving college, but died soon after the birth of a son, who still survives.

Another name, that of Marion Liddell, suggests

a sweet and gentle and loving nature, which deepened and developed as years went on. The circle of friends who knew and loved her will always look on her memory as a common bond between them, and her influence has spread wider than most of us know.

Many other "old familiar faces" rise to my mind's eye, and will suggest themselves to some survivors who read these pages. But the public at large could hardly be expected to care for such recollections; and we must be content to cherish them in silence.

CHAPTER XVI

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS

AFTER our parents' death my sister Susan and I took a picturesque little old house, 2 Pottergate, Lincoln, where we made a home for our dear old nurse, Janet Macraw. She died July 15, 1899, and this seemed to make a great break in our lives.

Singularly enough, the new century began for us both in an unexpected way. Almost by the same post I heard that our friend and neighbour, Miss Jephson, who had died December 31, 1899, had bequeathed me (or rather Lady Margaret Hall) her house at Gunfield, which was contiguous to it, and which would enable me to have a private residence of my own without giving up my post; and my sister Susan was offered the headship of the Grey Ladies, Blackheath Hill. Both these letters came in the first week of the New Year, and seemed to make the way clear for us. My sister Susan, after some hesitation, accepted the Blackheath post, and was installed there, September 18, 1900.

It is not for me to say how admirably she fulfilled the duties which she then undertook.

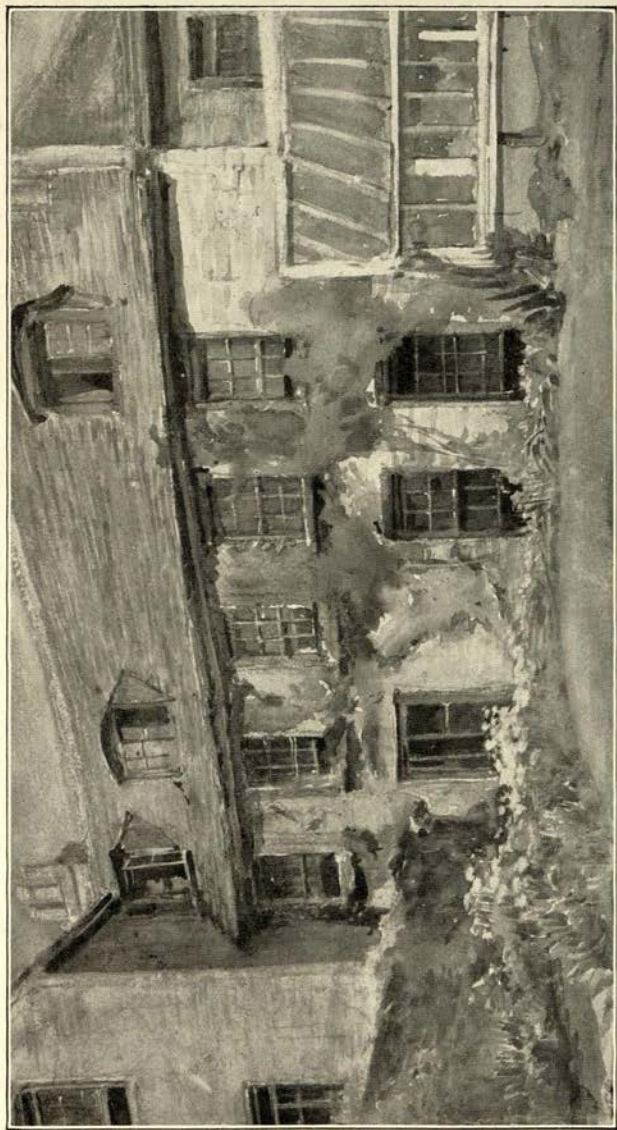
Being naturally reserved, comparatively few persons knew (as our family did) what the deep resources of her character were. During the year when she had kept house at Salisbury for her brother, after his wife's death (which occurred on June 22, 1894, after a year of severe suffering most grievous to all who knew and loved her), Susan's personality had begun to make itself felt in a wider circle; but it was not till she went to the Grey Ladies that the outside world in general could form any idea of her high, devoted nature and great capacity.

I here subjoin a few extracts from letters belonging to various dates, which could not be introduced in their proper place.

The first, from C. M. Yonge, refers to her novel, "Unknown to History."

"August 25, 1882.

"I have often meant to write and say how much your Buxton book helped me in the descriptions of the place, though I had to construct it a good deal from my inner consciousness. Queen Elizabeth's looking down the assassin is perfectly true. I should not have dared to write—if I could have imagined—anything so improbable as poor Babington's having that picture taken, and Gifford's showing it to the Queen, who recognized Barnwell from it. Nor should I have supposed that she walked about so entirely unguarded, but all that is perfectly historical. I never could make out how big the picture was. One person said he was taken into a barber's shop to see it, but since it was shown to the Queen, it must, I



POTTER GATE, LINCOLN.
(From a sketch by Miss Laura Johnson.)

think, have been a miniature; and I preferred Paul's Wharf to the barber's shop.

“ . . . There is a big and useful book by some man at Sheffield, about the captivity of the Queen, which I luckily got hold of, and which helped me through the rest. . . . I never saw any one keep youthful brightness like my dear old Julia Argles. I am glad you have been seeing her. . . . I have had Miss Sewell here, very anxious about promoting secondary schools for girls. Boys do seem well attended to, but girls not.

“ Yours affectionately,

“ C. M. YONGE.”

“ ELDERFIELD,

January 2, 1897.

“ . . . Whether I shall accomplish wishing you and Lady Margaret Hall a good New Year to-day must depend on the need of refreshing the church decorations, which always comes severely on the permanent workers, when the enthusiasm of the festival is over, with their occasional helpers. . . . I sometimes think I could make a dissertation on staying at home in the holidays and getting every one's work to do. Not that I mind it, but it is rather amusing—from hunting up a clergyman to baptize a child, to supplying half a crown towards the rent of some one going to be turned out, not knowing if it be a just demand.

“ What joy there must be at Salisbury over the little daughter! I think the family has chiefly ‘run to boys,’ so she is the more welcome. . . . Please give your sister Susan my love, if I may. . . .

“Have you read Lord Selborne’s ‘Recollections’? The wisdom of his old father impresses me exceedingly, as does his own. And the account of Lord Chewton is so beautiful. He was one of the veritable *héros de roman*. One thing that pleased me in the ‘Daisy Chain’ article in the *Guardian* was the recognition that my good men were really imitations of the good men of the day, not mere ideals, as the present generation has come to imagine them. You may like to know that ‘Heartsease’ was the last book Lord Raglan read; the man (Admiral Stewart) who lent it to him told me so. I have, in the last year or so, done what Rousseau’s Thérèse called the peacock admiring its own tail, or *tale* (it was hard that the pun was denied her), and been edified by the changes traceable in manners; the funniest perhaps is, when Clement, a choir boy, talks of going third-class as a condescension.

“Oh, the contrast of the Selborne life and the Manning one! The ambition and the want of real truth, yet the self-conscious nature trying to convince itself that he was neither ambitious nor untruthful. And, as some review rightly observed, really repressing the faults, while Anglican, but thinking they were for the good of the Church when he had Romanized. He hated Jesuits, but he had essentially the Jesuit nature.

“Yours sincerely and affectionately,
“C. M. YONGE.”

The following letter was written by me when visiting Spain with my brother and his wife (the ostensible object being the collation of the Codex

Toletensis in the library at Madrid). Our cousin, Gordon Wordsworth, and Mr. C. W. Holgate also were with us, and the two latter and I had started homewards together.

To SUSAN WORDSWORTH.

“TARRAGONA,

“*Easter Monday, April 10, 1882.*

“ . . . I hardly like to write to you, not knowing how poor Hawkins may be.¹ The thought of him and of you all haunted me through the loveliness and sunshine of yesterday. It was really the most glorious, certainly the strangest, Easter Day I ever remember, beginning with a glimpse from the sitting-room balcony, down the long street, at the Mediterranean. . . . Later on, a stroll into the magnificent cathedral—the date the eleventh century, *i.e.* all like our dear old Lincoln west front, more or less. I never saw such intensity of light and shadow; the columns of the nave are as big as some cottages, the stained glass old and beautiful; fine Flemish-looking tapestry (the history of Cyrus, of all things!) round the columns. A Pontifical Mass; the Bishop of Tarragona in a silvery mitre; priests in cloth of gold; scarlet and white choir boys; candles, and incense. A mass of women in black filled the space between sanctuary and choir (this is an arrangement characteristic of Spain). Music exceptionally good. The Gospel was read from an ambone, as at Milan. The Nicene Creed, very affecting when one thought of the infinite variety of Christians who were saying it that day in

¹ James Hawkins, our butler, then dying of a painful illness; a most faithful and attached servant.

different tongues, and in very different temples. If only everything else in Spain were like this! At one part of the service the members of some secular or municipal body came up and kissed the Bishop's hand, as he sat on the steps (as at an English Confirmation). They had pink scarves over their black Sunday coats. Afterwards a choir boy took them the pax (?) to kiss. In the Agnus Dei, when it came to, "Grant us Thy peace," some of the clergy went through a (very hollow) form of kissing one another.

"We have found two or three Roman inscriptions for John. I don't know if they are worth anything.

"To-day—a singular contrast to the scene yesterday—we went betimes to the harbour, passing strong-smelling wine-vaults and a gigantic vat as we did so. Swedish, Italian, Irish, French, Spanish, and Greek vessels were there. A Greek vessel, *Troas* by name, was unloading coal. Another was called Πέρπος: it looked so odd, but not so strange as the "Ecce Homo" on a Spanish vessel. Mr. Holgate went into ecstasies at the harbour, and I do not wonder. The sea was so blue, the gulls dipping down and flying up in the sunshine, the three-cornered sails of the boats swaying and fluttering in the N.W. breeze. We wondered how Gordon was getting on in the Balearic Islands.

"Oh, we had such a dreadful new-married couple (Spanish) with us in the Valencia train! He pinched her nose, he kissed her feet; he was altogether quite unbearable. *She* was rather nice; pretty eyes; the sickly white complexion which no exercise, no cold baths, and much chocolate give these ladies. I taught her to tat, and we

got on beautifully ; only she would insist on my understanding all she said, and repeating it till I did, or pretended to. At night I generally go in a 'Dames Seules,' and mostly get it to myself, so I am in clover."

I shall never forget the splendour of the Easter full moon and the singular brilliancy of the stars on some of these night journeys. But perhaps the things that impressed us most in Spain were the wonderful old town of Avila, with its glorious Gothic churches, its old mediaeval walls, and its memories of St. Teresa ; and next perhaps the Madrid Gallery, with its unsurpassable collection of pictures—the *haunting* portrait of Charles V on horseback, by Titian, with its look at once of shattered health and indomitable will. I did not see as much of the gallery as I ought to have done, for one portrait of Philip II by Coello so fascinated me that I spent hours copying the cold, hard, narrow-minded, inflexible face, with its steel-blue eyes, black velvet attire, the 'Golden Fleece' suspended from the neck, the rosary in the hands, and the dagger at the side.

TO SUSAN WORDSWORTH.

"April 16, 1882.

"After a *most* interesting three days at Tarragona, we had a night at Narbonne (very interesting Roman museum), and another at Nîmes, where our bedrooms looked out on the

Maison Carrée. What an exquisite little building! and the Roman baths, too, how lovely! The horse-chestnuts out; banksia and Gloire de Dijon roses. I wish you could have been there! We had two days' heavy travelling, going all night, past Lyons, Vienne, Avignon, mostly in a pouring rain—Avignon, a most striking place—we saw the sun rise, not in its fullest glory, over Paris, flew past the old Bastille and Temple, or where they used to be, to the Nord railway, and eventually reached Dover between two and three. Prince Leopold was down there, and we were very late, so late that I could not get off to Oxford till 8.10, having had no solid food all day. Likewise Mr. Holgate, who went off to Essex, after much kind care of me. I must have been the only woman on the Oxford platform at eleven p.m. *Swarms* of undergraduates; portmanteaus and cricketing things; strings of cabs (all engaged)! But the cup of my despair was not full yet. After driving me, at a frantic pace, round corners and past other vehicles, in the very shakiest little old phaeton you can imagine, my man put me down at L. M. H. with my goods on the doorstep, and left me 'à la belle étoile' in the silence of midnight. I rang and rang again, without producing any effect whatever. After wandering about, I discovered the kitchen window (basement) warm and glowing, and only fastened by a bolt. On the whole, I thought it better to run up a glazier's bill than to stop there bag and baggage all night. So I ran my parasol through the upper pane, carefully pulled out the glass, turned the bolt, and found myself in the kitchen. *Most* luckily the maids had neglected to lock the passage door, so I

groped my way upstairs, towards the servants' rooms, shouting for F——. I seemed to hear a distant wailing, as of some one in hysterics. This was the maids crying "Murder, murder," as they fully believed (having heard the window crash, though not the bell) that I was a house-breaker; and it was some time before I could get them to come down and help me get in my luggage, which was lying at the mercy of any passer-by. They had got my telegram from Dover, but had quite given me up. At last I got to bed, though desperately tired, but happily not too tired to sleep.

CHAPTER XVII

VERSAILLES RECOLLECTIONS

IN the spring of 1886 my sister Susan and I paid a visit to our cousins, M. and Madame du Vallon, at Versailles. She was our father's first cousin, *née* Agatha Lloyd, and daughter of Grosvenor (son of Charles Lloyd, of Bingley Hall), who had settled in France, and whose other daughter, Caroline, had married M. Millet. Madame du Vallon was a most lovable person and kind hostess. She was a striking figure, tall and fair, with curly hair, turning grey, delicate English features and complexion.

Her husband was a delightful old Frenchman, then eighty-eight years of age, but wonderfully active—a gentleman of the old school. I can see him now, standing with his back to the fire, repeating with much animation one of La Fontaine's fables. "Is that one of your ancestors?" we asked him, indicating a picture which hung on the wall, in a George II dress. "It is my father," he replied; and when we exclaimed in amazement at what seemed an impossibility, he added, "He is in the dress of

the Chasseurs de Louis XV. He fought against Frederick II at Rosbach. When we were children 'les bottes de Rosbach,' which he had then worn, were among our favourite play-things." Strange as this may seem, it is possible to account for it when we consider the comparatively late age at which Frenchmen sometimes marry. His son was born when he was seventy. Our kind host, I may add, survived his wife; and I remember hearing later how, at his advanced age, he walked bareheaded behind her coffin for a distance of a mile or two at least.

In the few days we were at Versailles we saw, not only of course the great palace and its grounds, but the manufactory at Sèvres. (I can remember a man with a big spatulous thumb, which had got all out of shape with modelling clay as it revolved); the Collège de jeunes filles; St. Cloud, then ruined after a fire; and the very striking Musée Gallo-Romain at St. Germain. One evening in the week the du Vallons "received" after French custom, and various visitors came in. Among them was Madame B—— a pale, pretty, grey-haired lady, the widow of a general under the Second Empire. Her boy was killed at Sedan; she went there to find him dead on the altar steps of a church, with a glass of water beside him. She took his body to Belgium. Her husband was taken prisoner by the Prussians. For many days she watched ambulance after ambulance in hopes of getting a

sight of him. There was no government organization. She found at last (from the Prussians) that he had been carried off to Düsseldorf; she went thither and lived with him till he was set free. He eventually died. Meanwhile she had left an invalid son at home. When he was born she had been very ill, and the doctor, thinking the infant was dead, put him on a marble slab, and the shock to the system deprived him of the use of his limbs. He suffers now from frightful cramps. We saw him; he has a nice refined face, watches whist, but cannot hold a card. At the time of the war, while his mother was away, ten Prussian soldiers were quartered on him. He had himself wheeled to the Crown Prince, and appealed to him; the Prince very kindly exempted him at once. His 'bonne' carries and pushes him about everywhere. He was the first person to enter Paris; the nurse pushed him the five miles there and five back (it having been made conditional that he was to return the same day) in order to visit and carry food to his grandmother at Sèvres, who had been much distressed during the siege. She wheels him to Mass at five in the morning. His mother taught him to read, but did not educate him much. He is very good, an earnest Roman Catholic, delights in going to church, and always asks the curé to let him have the stupidest boys to prepare for first Communion. It was very pathetic to hear that he had been taken to Lourdes, and had prayed most earnestly for recovery there,

but had to come home just as he went, poor fellow ! It seems most cruel to encourage people in such false hopes.

Madame du Vallon told us some very curious stories of a Madame Cheyrourx, now dead : a widow lady, who was consumptive, and used to suffer tortures from neuralgia. An officer magnetized her, but it had only the effect of making her worse. He said he was too strong for her, but that another man could do it better : this was a carriage job-master with whom she lodged. She tried him, and successfully ; but astonished him and herself by developing, while in this state of trance, the most wonderful powers. The Du Vallons met her first at Limoges in 1848 ; afterwards she used to come to stay with them. One day, when she was doing so, a letter had come for Madame du Vallon, giving a bad account of her son Camille, who was dangerously wounded in Mexico. The lady gave it to Madame du Vallon, and knew, without having read it, that it contained some bad news. She said, " I wish you would send me to sleep, and then I could tell you all that is happening to your son." Madame du V. was, however, so much agitated that she could not bear it, and refused to do this, which was always very easy—only just a few passes, or perhaps, holding her hand and looking at her. However, the next morning she said, " I have been with your son ; he has a very comfortable bed " (they found afterwards that the Consul had lent him his) ; and she gave

her a variety of details, all of which the event proved to be strictly true.

Madame de Cheyrourx was a very religious woman, and very good-looking. She was not a lady by birth, but very "nice." For a long time she dreaded her gift as a temptation of the Evil One; but after three months' earnest prayer she at last made up her mind that it was not wrong; and she became quite an authority on all sorts of points. On one occasion a man professed to bring her the hair of a horse, which he said was ill; but laid a trap for her by bringing instead the hair of another. She saw through it at once: "*Ce cheval n'est pas malade*"; and then she described both the horses, saying that the owner of *this* hair had something wrong with its hind leg, but that the real invalid was affected in its shoulder. The gentleman asked her to take an imaginary view of the horse in question, which she did, saying, however, "*Ça ne fera jamais qu'une rosse*"—which was perfectly true. It was, I think, an Irish horse, of which the owner was very proud, and had paid for it lately a larger sum than it was worth.

Her medical knowledge, or rather her intuition, was something extraordinary. She used to have a doctor who signed her prescriptions. Her charge used to be about five francs. She had no power of foretelling the future; she said this could be done only by God.

As a curious instance of the power one mind

has over another, it may be mentioned that there was a celebrated magnetizer, who magnetized a young lady, and it had the extraordinary effect of transmitting his irreligious opinions to her, so that for some time afterwards her views and character were entirely changed. Mad. Cheyroux said at once, "Did you not inquire into the character of the man who magnetized? I am always very careful not to let it be done except by good people. I know how strong the influence is." At first she did not like M. du Vallon; wanted him to go out of the room, and said that his hand felt to her like "*une pelote d'épingles*." After a time, however, he came round to her, and she to him. On one occasion he asked her to transport herself in imagination to his old family château de Robyère (this would be done by his holding her hand). All of a sudden she began to appear chilled, "*qu'on me donne un châle*," and to feel the singularly cold wind which always met you in the vicinity of that place. Presently she exclaimed at the beauty of a magnificent walnut tree which was close to the château, and had a seat round it. This walnut tree had formed a prominent feature in M. du Vallon's recollections; but not long afterwards, when he was talking it over with a cousin who had come from La Robyère, the man exclaimed, "*Mais, mon ami, on a coupé ce noyer il y a dix ans*." This shows the impression was in that case at second-hand from another mind. She was a very decided Protestant (the man who mag-

netized her had also been one), and had a wonderful knowledge of the Bible. One thing that had given her a horror of Popery was that in her younger days (as a remarkably beautiful girl) she had gone to confession. The priest was a worthless man, though she did not know it, and among other things asked her if she liked waltzing. She replied that she did, very much. He then made some offensive or disagreeable remark, which she repeated to her grandmother, who would not allow her to go to him again.

A German professor once paid her a visit, and asked her about a certain passage in the Psalms, to which two interpretations—one, I think, a Protestant, and one a Roman Catholic—were given. Which of these was the right one? She replied, "Neither; but to give the real sense of the Hebrew, it would require a much longer and more elaborate rendering—there was so much in it." I do not know whether she went into details; but the professor said the opinion she gave was just what he had always thought himself. This looks as if her power must have been, in that case, a kind of thought-reading.

At another time, a lady, accompanied by her husband, came on a visit, and wanted to be told what to do for a sore throat. She took her place by Madame Cheyrourx, who said to her, "What do you mean by complaining of a sore throat, when you know what a temper you get into every morning? You will never be well, so long as you do that." "Ah, que vous avez

bien dit, Madame," exclaimed the husband, who had listened with unfeigned delight; and the "somnambule" proceeded to describe how she had wakened her daughter early that morning in order to make her pursue her studies; how the poor girl had gone to sleep again, and how the mother had raved and screamed at her in consequence.

Madame Cheyrour had, among her other gifts, quite a talent for modelling. We saw some flowers in high relief done in white biscuit china, which could only have been executed by fingers of unusual strength and delicacy.

She took to the "profession," if we may call it so, to maintain her children; her own health was exceedingly delicate. One day Madame du V. was summoned to her bedside. She gave a most minute description (which the latter would not repeat) of the sensation of dying; the "main de fer" which seemed to grasp you and prevent your speaking. At last she seemed to pass into a death-like condition, from which she awakened to say she had been hearing the most indescribably beautiful music. Strange to say, she recovered, and lived (I think) ten years afterwards! They never heard any particulars of her actual death.

Perhaps, however, the most singular story connected with her was the following, which I have sometimes thought might be made the basis of a novel. M. du Vallon's regiment (3^{ième} chasseurs) was quartered at Limoges; and at that

time a shocking murder took place in one of the most aristocratic families. A motherless girl, eighteen years of age, fresh from a convent school,¹ Mlle. de Fémieux, had been sent by her father to pay a visit to her grandmother, Madame de Fémieux—an extremely unamiable old lady. The girl came back to her father, complaining that she had beaten her; and altogether much annoyed. He insisted on her returning and passing the night there, which she did, sleeping with her grandmother, French fashion, in the same alcove, with a small interval between the two beds. In the morning the old lady was found to have been brutally murdered. The girl was the first to give the alarm. Suspicion fell on her, however, though her own account of the matter was, that she had been bound and gagged, and then had fainted away. Nothing further could be extracted from her, except a resolute denial of the crime. She was a slim, delicate girl; the grandmother a resolute, vigorous old woman.

The father and daughter were both accused; he was supposed to have been instigated by a desire for money. Madame du Vallon was asked by a friend to visit the poor girl in prison. She did this, and was much interested in her, without altogether liking her; tried to get her confidence, but beyond a certain point she would not go.

¹ Au Sacré Cœur de Poitiers.

This (and some other corrections and additions) is in Madame du Vallon's own hand, to whom I showed the MS. in 1886.

Just as the trial was coming on, Madame du Vallon felt so anxious on the subject that she made an excuse for paying a visit to the "somnambule," and took with her a bit of knitting, done by the girl when in prison, of which she had contrived to possess herself, and placed it in contact with Madame Cheyrourx. The horror and repugnance which the latter manifested on being brought (in imagination) into such a scene, recalled Cassandra in the House of Agamemnon. "Mais pourquoi avez-vous voulu me conduire ici, où il y'a eu un meurtre?" She was much upset by it, crying, shuddering; but after a time she calmed down, and gave a most vivid description of the murder. Three men, she said, were concerned in it; and she described their going to a chest, or cupboard, and taking out money, after having unscrewed the lock-plate. "But how is this? They can only find three of the screws, when they come to fasten them on again; and there ought to be four." She told Madame du Vallon there was not one word of truth in the girl's account, "mais elle ne peut pas vous dire cela; il ne faut pas lui faire des questions."

The trial went on; the father proved an alibi, and got off; the girl was acquitted, but by only one vote, and the mob were ready to tear her to pieces when she left the court. Curiously enough, the fact about the three screws came out just as Madame Cheyrourx had said.

The thieves had apparently been interrupted

before they could finish their work. But the remarkable thing was that the old lady's having been robbed as well as murdered was not known before the trial began; and Madame Cheyrourx could not have heard about it. The girl was wonderfully self-possessed. The last day Madame du Vallon offered her a bottle of salts which her husband had just given her to take into court. She said she would gladly accept it as a souvenir of one who had been so kind to her, but did not need it otherwise; last night "j'ai dormi comme un sabot."

The young barrister who defended her interrupted the proceedings so much that he was rebuked by the judge during the trial, and suffered "une interdiction de 18 mois," during which he was not allowed to plead any cause. At the end of that time he presented himself to the court, and said that he had a document in his possession which would certainly rehabilitate him, but which he was unwilling to use. As they insisted, he produced a letter from the young lady, saying that it was her father who had committed the murder, but telling him to watch the case, and not to incriminate him unless her life seemed actually in danger. Whether this was true or not will never be known, as the case, after all, was one of those which have never been thoroughly cleared up. But the fact that there were three men concerned in it was proved by a postillion, who plainly saw three hats through the window, as he was unharnessing his

horses, on the night of the murder. His opinion was that, on hearing his horses, they suddenly extinguished the light, which probably accounts for the fourth screw not having been replaced in the lock, as they were hurried.

The young lady corresponded with Madame du Vallon for some time after, but died of consumption at a comparatively early age. She went after the trial to live with an aunt.

CHAPTER XVIII

VARIOUS LETTERS

THE following extract from a letter to Mrs. Steedman is dated, Balliol College, November 27, 1886, and was evidently written during a lecture to which I was chaperoning a party of students.

“ . . . Here I was distracted by the lecturer talking about St. Hugh of Lincoln, and his part in the politics of the twelfth century. The real St. Hugh’s¹ is going on very nicely, and Miss Moberly is coming out as a capital housekeeper, though I hope she does not limit them exactly to Carthusian fare. . . . I met X. the other day at dinner. I liked him; he seemed a very well-informed man; but *such* a Scotchman! Do you think any Englishman could have uttered the following sentence in a drawing-room at 10 p.m.: ‘There is a determinism of pure empiricism, and there is a determinism of absolute supernaturalism’? He really *did* say this to me. I hope you understand. I didn’t for several hours afterwards, but it seemed to dawn on me the next morning. I suppose it means in plain English that some people think

¹ St. Hugh’s Hall, Oxford, which had recently been founded.

the world is governed by chance, and some, by fate. But if so, why could he not have said so?"

To MY SISTERS

On Queen Victoria's First Jubilee

" June 23, 1887

"I think you may like to hear of my adventures yesterday . . . I did not go to the Abbey, but gave my ticket to Miss Argles, whose father was going, and whose grandfather, Bishop Davys, had been tutor to the Queen. I had a ticket for Buckingham Palace the next day, to help present the Women's Jubilee gift to the Queen, and travelled up with Miss Shaw Lefevre¹ to their nice house in Seymour Street.

"There we found Miss Clough, and Miss Welsh, of Girton; and we all started together after lunch, Miss Clough and I in the Shaw Lefevres' carriage—was it not kind?—and the other two in a hansom. We got to Buckingham Palace by the entrée door; went through long passages, which, though handsome, struck me as not so grand as Versailles, but much more comfortable. After going upstairs, and being shown about by attendants, at last we got to a grand gilded room, with tall mirrors, and a fine view of the garden (also very small after Versailles, but wonderful for London) where we found ourselves with a host of well-dressed ladies. Mrs. Gladstone, and any number of countesses. Lady Victoria Freke² was there, looking so nice; but *the* person who

¹ The first Head of Somerville College.

² Afterwards Lady Carbery.

was worth going all that way to see was Lady Mount Temple. She had that fine 'ancien régime' look you see in old portraits; although about eighty, she had fine regular features, a lovely complexion and a beautiful, small mouth. She was dressed in some soft grey stuff, and held herself as upright as she might have done fifty years ago. She is said to be as good as she is beautiful. Most other people in the room looked common beside her.

"Two large boxes were there, as big as trunks, with the English and Irish signatures; one box was splendidly carved by Irish ladies. We must have stood about for a good hour, or sat on the yellow damask chairs—we shouldn't have minded some tea! Mrs. Benson turned up, to my great joy. . . .

"At last the Queen sailed in, in her black silk dress and white cap, with black transparent lace over her arms, which gave her the effect of being in evening dress. She walked down the line, shaking hands here and there, the Princesses (who may be forgiven if they looked bored) and ladies of honour walking behind her. I never saw her look so nice; her smile is charming, and her manner (with few physical advantages, except a certain *solidity*) quite wonderful. She was a good deal like the portrait of George III at Salisbury; only yesterday she was not at all flushed.

"Her voice was quite inaudible; but she has got the art of looking and moving to perfection. She spoke to Mrs. Benson and begged her to tell the Archbishop how beautiful she thought the service yesterday. I expect, poor lady, she was thankful to have got safe through with it!

Then we had to wait ever so long while the carriages were called ; at last Miss Clough and I got back to ours ; but when we got to Hyde Park Corner we were jammed for a good two hours, and a deep despair took possession of us, as we thought of missing trains and keeping friends waiting, which was not much alleviated by the occasional sound of distant cheering, or the glimpse of a red livery through the crowd, or the sight of a stream of distant school children, or the thought of the poor neglected patients in St. George's Hospital, whose nurses were standing about in the balcony, with medical students(?) in the background. We had to drive right round by the Albert Gate, and came in for another block in the Park. . . . Poor Miss Clough will, I fear, be quite done up. She is a *dear* old lady 'nearly the same age as the Queen.' She is about the most sensible woman I ever talked with on the subject of girls' education.

"I did not get to Oxford till near midnight. John and S. E. had to *carry* their luggage all the way from Vauxhall to College Street (Westminster) the night before the Jubilee, as there was not a cab to be had.

"The good nature of the waiting crowd, and absence of bad language, was really quite remarkable."

The following letter refers to a delightful Easter, spent with a party of friends in Rome. But there is something in Italy which makes one fly to brushes and colours rather than pen and ink to perpetuate one's impressions ; and a fat sketch-book, full of priests, peasants, ruins,

and wild-flowers, is my chief record of this happy time.

To DORA LEEKE

"10 QUATTRO FONTANE

"April 4, 1889

"We had a very interesting day yesterday. We (Alice Venables and I) went in the morning to the Villa Medici, where we had some really nice sketching. It is a lovely garden, with Scotch firs and statues and fountains and sunshine, so we had an hour or two of almost perfect bliss; after lunch we went, a large party, to the Catacomb of St. Calixtus, which I need not describe. We were taken over by a nice, tall Dominican, who spoke French very well, and was very amusing in his recommendations to us to take off our gloves, lest the tapers should spoil them! One comes away with an impression of great dreariness—dead bones and skeletons are *not* the realities of life; the blue irises just coming out above ground left a far pleasanter impression, and I think a truer one, on one's mind. With a great crowd of Germans and French all around, one can't get at the *higher* ideas of the Catacombs. Then Mr. Headlam, a young New College Fellow,¹ insisted on driving with us to the tomb of Caecilia Metella, and ever so far along the Appian Way! I began to think we never should turn. It was a cold, cold, west wind, and we might have been in Lincolnshire, only there we should not have had these mouldering brick and travertine remains, in the yellow afternoon light, dotting the way on either

¹ Now the Principal of King's College, London.

side, and making one think how melancholy it must have been for St. Paul to enter Rome among so many tombs—perhaps meeting funerals. At last we turned to the left, over a grassy swamp, where Alice was delighted to find some pretty white squills. She had also got some orchises, very like bee orchises. I certainly expected the springs of the carriage to break, but eventually we found ourselves safe in the Via Latina.

“After driving some time, Mr. H. took us into two wonderful tombs of the Valerian and Pancratian families. So perfect! plaster ceilings, all over little groups of mythological figures; inlaid pavements. The upper chamber in each was a triclinium, where they had their funeral feasts; in the lower the dead were interred. There was a great sarcophagus in the middle; one saw the skull and bones of the defunct Pancratius. The *slaves*’ bodies were burned; and their urns full of ashes are still standing there under low arches.¹

“These tombs dated about A.D. 200, but were still heathen. To-day we have been seeing Raphael in the Vatican! How the world changed for the worse in the short interval between his youth and death! I was struck by two representations (almost side by side) of the Coronation of the Virgin—one in his early manner, so reverent, delicate, and real, the other by his pupil Giulio Romano, exaggerating all his worst faults, stagy, restless, and utterly irreligious.”

On glancing once more at my Oxford remini-

¹ I leave this as it was written, but Murray’s Handbook seems to say there are no cinerary remains, so I may have been mistaken.

scences I find I have omitted the name of a dear and valued friend, Felicia Skene. I had made her acquaintance before entering on my Oxford life, as I then wished to consult her about a little home for girls which was subsequently started at Great Grimsby, and she kindly gave me the benefit of her experience. In my first years at Lady Margaret Hall, she and her pet dog "Tatters" used often to pay me a visit, and her sympathetic interest was always to be counted upon. Being a true Scotchwoman, she was a great lover of the supernatural, as may be seen from a paper she wrote about her personal recollections of Sir Walter Scott (in "The Argosy" for January 1894), part of which has been embodied in her life. On March 14, 1878, Miss Skene told me the following curious story, which I do not think has ever appeared in print. The narrator was a Miss B., whom Miss S. knew personally, and who was at one time governess in a family in Oxford.

"There were a lady and gentleman whom we will call Smith. He was an atheist, and had imbued his wife with the same ideas. Towards the end of his life, however, he began to be unhappy; not so much at the wrongness of his ideas, as at having disturbed his wife's peace of mind; and he made a compact with her that, if he died first, he would reappear, should there be any truth in the ordinary beliefs about a future life. He did die; and she was in a state of

anticipation of the possibility of such a return; but nothing happened, and she went to stay with the B.'s. She was so nervous that she could not bear to sleep by herself, and Miss B., then a child, and so young that she did not even know Mr. Smith was dead, had to sleep with her. The little girl, however, had known Mr. Smith very well, and he had been in the habit of giving her little presents.

“One night, the two were in bed, and Miss B. happened to wake, and saw it was a bright moon-shine night, by the light of which she descried Mr. Smith standing in the room. This caused her no surprise; she only thought ‘I wonder if he has got anything in his pocket for me!’ and she proceeded to try to wake Mrs. Smith, who, however, slept so heavily that all was to no purpose. The figure stood over his wife with hands as if in prayer and eyes cast up to Heaven, pale and mournful (Miss B., in telling the story used to get on a chair and imitate his attitude, so vividly impressed on her). But still Mrs. Smith seemed as if nothing would rouse her, neither pinching nor pulling from the little girl, who now began to feel a strange sense of awe stealing over her. The figure at length seemed to pass into the dressing-room, from which (I think) there was no outlet; and the child dropped asleep again, and did not wake till late the next morning.

“Mrs. Smith had dressed and gone down. The child looked in the dressing-room; no one was

there. She was so excited that she ran with her frock still hanging over her arm to the room where Mrs. Smith was, exclaiming, 'Ah, I know who came last night! Where is he? What have you done with him?' or something to that effect.

"'Why, child, whom do you mean?'

"'Mr. Smith,' said the little girl triumphantly and fearlessly.

"Mrs. Smith put out both her arms and flung the child backwards by her shoulders (Miss Skene repeated the action exactly), and then went into a fit of hysterics; while Mrs. B. told her daughter she must never speak of this again. Nor was it till she was grown up that she dared to ask for an explanation, though she said that the scene haunted her through life with a vividness which few other events had power to do. Mrs. Smith became a sincerely religious woman from that day forth."

The following story of a mysterious disappearance was told me at about the same date by Miss Turner, Mrs. Coxe's sister, at her house in Blackhall Road, Oxford:

"I once knew the family of the Hurds, one of whom was hydrographer to the King. I was dining there one day; and when some one was late for the meal, and old Mrs. Hurd was seen walking up and down in front of the window, wringing her hands, and in great agitation, 'Don't mind her,' said her daughter-in-law, 'it is a way she has, in consequence of a fright in her

youth. She was living in London with an uncle and aunt, and they were all three to dine at some old-fashioned house in the City. The aunt was not quite ready, owing to some insignificant hindrance or other; and the uncle said "Oh, well, you two can come presently in the carriage, and I'll walk on." He did so; but the ladies, who drove, not only found they were there before him, but he kept them waiting an unconscionable time, and at last, they sat down without him. Still he never appeared, and he never was heard of more; while there was absolutely no clue, no trace, no conjecture of any kind to account for his disappearance. They thought perhaps he might have fallen into an open cellar, or dropped down in a fit; but from that day to this (and it must be going on for a hundred years) nothing has transpired to throw light on the mystery.'"

I retired from my post at Lady Margaret Hall in the summer of 1909, having just entered my seventieth year, and also completed a period of thirty academic years since we first began. We started with eight students, and ended with about sixty-four in residence, so may be said to have "squared" our original number, and I am glad to say that the numbers have since continued to increase under my kind friend and successor, Miss H. Jex Blake.

I was greatly touched by various tokens of affection I received from our council, students, and others on my retirement. The pain of parting was much softened to us all by the fact that

it has been possible for me to go on residing in Oxford, and not to lose sight of many kind friends and neighbours, as well as to make some new ones, for, as Dr. Johnson very wisely said, "A man, sir, should keep his friendships in constant repair!"

Looking back on the last forty years, I ask myself, and perhaps others will ask, What is the chief moral to be gleaned from them?

I should reply without any hesitation that the dominant idea which stands out in my own mind is the need of a religious basis in the lives of all educated women. It would be true to say that all lives need a religious basis; but, so long as women are living in their homes and under some kind of traditional control, the need is not so apparent as it is when they have, as the phrase is, "to live their own lives." Within the last half century we see how much independence has been won for and by women, not only in Europe and America, but in the East. Many of their old props have failed them. In the case of some the natural instincts of marriage and motherhood have no outlet, and this very often through the force of circumstances, and not through any fault of the individuals. From being, metaphorically, a "crustacean," woman has become a "vertebrate." She must have a backbone. She can no longer be upheld or restrained by external forces. What backbone then is she to have? Mere knowledge will not suffice, nor skill in any profession, nor the power of going where



"LADY MARGARET" GARDEN PARTY, JUNE 16, 1909.

Mrs. Johnson.

Miss Wordsworth.

Mrs. Toynbee.

(From a photograph by Miss A. L. Hodson.)

she likes and doing what she chooses. Now that conventionalities are flung on one side, what is to guide her feeling and taste, to preserve her womanly charm, to develop in her those very qualities in which, say what we will, her truest strength will always lie, and, above all, to give her, whatever her outward circumstances may be, a spring of inward hope and happiness? Mere books on morality will not do it, nor vague poetical aspirations. There must be something with a basis in historical fact, something with a living Personal Example which invites our love and gratitude as well as our imitation—in a word, the woman of the future must have religious faith, or she will be a stunted growth, and, with all her cultivated ability, industry, and even enthusiasm, an imperfectly-developed being.

Happily, the present age is fruitful in women of the highest ability and culture, to whom their religious faith is more than the dearest of earthly loves or the warmest of earthly friendships; and we must earnestly hope that the beliefs and principles which have guided them may have a wider influence and an increasing power of benefiting others.

At this point I bring these scattered recollections to a close. Since the time I began them, a very dear brother and sister have been taken from us; and with them has departed the pleasure I had always anticipated from hearing their comments upon my work, and recalling memories,

some of which they, and they only, had in common with myself. Of these dear ones, it still seems impossible to speak; but I trust that (especially in the case of our brother) this task may be performed by worthier hands. I feel it is wise to delay no longer in issuing these "reminiscences" such as they are; and I hope here and there old family friends or relatives, or old Oxford students may be found to whom these records may not be wholly uninteresting. Of course, I have had in many cases to trust entirely to my own memory. Most of us must know the feeling that we are sure of a thing till we come to write it down, and then, somehow, the written statement seems to usurp the place of the literal fact, just as the pictured portrait intrudes into our memory of the real face.

However, when I have been able to test my recollections, either by letters written at the time, or in other ways, they have generally proved to be tolerably accurate, and I can only hope that the critical reader of these pages will forgive the literary faults and shortcomings which it is difficult altogether to avoid.

September 21, 1912.





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